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THE CHILDREN'S

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

A MANUAL,

WITH DIRECTIONS FOR THE ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS, ADAPTED TO THE BODIES AND MINDS OF THE YOUNG,

AND CONTAINING

Rules, Methods, Exercises, Marches, Lessons, Questions and Answers, Invocations, Silver-Chain Recitations, Hymns and Songs.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has changed the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

ELEVENTH THOUSAND.

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CHILDREN'S

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

An Idea of the Human Mind.

A child is the repository of infinite possibilities.

Enfolded in the human infant is the beautiful "image" of an imperishable and perfect being.

In the baby constitution we recognize the holy plans of Divine Goodness—the immortal impartations of Divine Wisdom—the image and likeness of the Supreme Spirit—the possibilities of the greatest manhood, womanhood, or angelhood. The human mind is the most richly endowed. Its sphere of influence and action is the broadest. It is empowered to hold dominion over time, events, things, and circumstances. It draws its life unceasingly from the divine life of Nature. It feeds on the phenomena of truth. It aspires intuitively after perfection. It rises to the sphere of individuality and freedom. And it includes

all the laws and conditions of growth, variety, genius, renewal, progress, and completeness.

"Man is the measure of all things," said Protagoras, one of the Greek sophists; "and, as men differ, there can be no absolute truth." "Man is the measure of all things," replied Socrates, the true philosopher; "but descend deeper into his personality, and you will find that underneath all varieties there is a ground of *steady truth*. Men differ, but men also agree: they differ as to what is fleeting; they agree as to what is eternal. Difference is the region of opinion; Agreement is the region of Truth: let us endeavor to penetrate that region."

An Idea of True Education.

Harmonial spirit-culture is the noblest work of the sciences.

Man, at first a frail and helpless being, waits and yearns for the revelation of inherent possessions. The wailing and pleading infant, a loving and confiding creature of sympathy and imitation, is bound to the Spirit of Nature by ties that cannot be severed.

The divine image is *within*. It is the end of true education to develop that image, and so truly, too, that the child's individuality and constitutional type of mind shall not be impaired, but rather revealed in its own fullness and personal perfection. "Be ye perfect even as the Father in heaven is perfect," is an injunction of sublimest import. Every faculty and every function of the individual is amenable to that heavenly principle. Everything has "a glory of *its own*." The highest aim of education is to reveal the life and the *form* of that individual perfection which Divine Wisdom has implanted in the human spirit.

Different minds demand different methods. The same questions do not arrest and unfold the intuitions of dissimilar persons. For this reason it is impossible for one teacher to quicken and instruct every type of character. Parents seldom find the true avenues of approach to the inner life of their different children; and thus, often, the young at home grow restless and discordant, and fail to vindicate the divinity of their natures, inherited from the infinite fountain of all Goodness.

True Method of Spirit Culture.

Children are social. The ties of friendship are the ties of divine love. The life of the infinite God flows through the social affections. There is no life where there is no love. Heart touches heart in the sphere of heavenly friendship. The lips grow rosy and dewy with tender and eloquent words of wisdom under the magic influence of unselfish affection. The tongue and the eye are the true organs of instruction. *Conversation!* It is the heavenly method of teaching. The intuitions and the thinking faculties are touched and strengthened by living words. The fields of Nature lend endless charms to the quickened intelligence. The realms of science, philosophy, literature, art, and music, belong to the spirit. The youthful heart is full of aphorisms. The infallible words of God's truth, on the wings of genius, come forth when the right questions are lovingly put. Forms and strict routine are required only for the external and fleeting purposes of education. Austere text-books

and solemn teachers are adapted to schools where children are to be instructed and "finished" for an outward work in the busy world of things and sense. But we are reminded that "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness."

True education is addressed to the Reason, through the social affections; whereby the child-nature is made to grow in goodness, and to bear the fruits of righteousness.

The Teacher's True Starting-Point.

The spirit of a child is free and undefiled. The God-code of everlasting truth is written in its attributes and intuitions. Whatever its parentage or nativity, and however much its nature may be warped, twisted, and embittered by circumstances in early years, the young immortal spirit is pure and spotless as is the heart of an angel. From this point we start—affirming the interior purity of the child's spirit, and denying that the infant nature inclines to everything that is evil and wicked. Theology teaches that "the little foibles and peevish freaks of the infant are

early workings and manifestations of corrupt and depraved human nature." And further, the creed teaches that a supernatural "Grace is necessary to convict, convert, renovate, and sanctify a person, so that he may enjoy the heavenly kingdom of Christ."

Our starting-point is radiant with the gospel of "good news:" that the life of a child is a pure stream—flowing unceasingly from the God-fountain of infinite perfection; that the human soul is the product of an infinitely wise and good Father; and that there is in every nature, however depraved in condition and manifestation, an immortal spark of holiness, a pure principle of self-redemptiveness, from which the perfect image and state of angel-hood may be unfolded.

The intrinsic goodness of the infant spirit is the basis of the celestial superstructure we labor to erect.

The government of Father-God through the love-spirit of Mother-Nature, is one and universal. The heavenly government, although varied in its forms and adaptations in the different spheres and societies according to the varied condition of the countless inhabit-

ants, is purely and simply one of universal LOVE and WISDOM. The *life* of everything is Love; but the *form* thereof, the shape in which that love appears, is determined by Wisdom. The impulse to look up toward heaven is as natural as the beating of the heart; and it is equally natural to feel and acknowledge dependence upon the eternal Soul of things. Children first learn this lesson at home in the tender ties of love that bind them to father and mother; and subsequently the lesson is enforced by every relation of life and society. To teach in accordance with the Divine Government, is our aim and plan.

ORIGIN

OF THE

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

[On the 25th of January, 1863, at Dodworth's Hall, No. 806 Broadway, Mr. A. J. DAVIS made the following remarks and suggestions, explanatory of the origin, organization, and objects of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Phonographically reported.]

FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS: We have assembled this afternoon to inaugurate an association for the physical and spiritual improvement of both sexes, and of all ages.

The plan is not original with me. It is an attempt to unfold and actualize on earth, partially at least, a progressive juvenile assemblage like those in the Summer-Land; whither children are constantly going from earth, and where they are received into Groups for improvement, growth, and graduation. In those heavenly societies and

spheres the young grow and bloom in Love as well as in Wisdom—in Affection as well as in true Knowledge.

This Sunday Meeting of the Young may, therefore, be appropriately styled the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." It is something truer and higher than what is ordinarily called a "Sunday-School." It embraces within its plan the healthful development of the bodily functions, the conscientious exercise of the reasoning faculties, and the progressive unfolding of the social and divine affections, by harmonious and happy methods.

Here let me mention that in the Summer-Land these "Groups" are arranged, classified, and designated in accordance with *the immortal laws of Music.* A Group at first simply represents a *note:* afterward, when the members are more advanced, it represents an *octave;* and ultimately, when harmony is established, the whole assemblage constitutes, so to say, a musical instrument of twelve octaves, instead of six and a half or seven, as we have here in the popular piano or church-organ. It is beyond the power of earthly language to describe the celestia

melody, "the fairy-like music," of this human musical instrument! Truly, by such a combination of angel-voices the "morning-stars" may be taught to sing their part in the anthem of the spheres.

In these assemblages the children are always enthusiastic, mutually affectionate, and full of beautiful happiness. Those who never truly sung a note on earth, soon learn to sing harmoniously as well as to think intuitively and accurately. The little ones sing and think with as much spontaneous melody and healthful happiness, as do birds in the forest-trees, or children in the glee and enjoyment of their common sports.

Music, therefore, is to be an invariable and prominent element of our terrestrial Progressive Lyceums. The plan is to unfold the Groups into a "Harmonial Choir" of the first magnitude and importance.

These Associations of the young on earth, to be in sympathetic harmony with corresponding bodies of youthful brothers and sisters in the Summer-Land, should have public re-unions and festivals twice a year, and semi-public rehearsals and soirees as frequently as

may be found necessary for purposes of progress and discipline. The latter, if possible, as often as once in every twelve weeks, and a general pic-nic Festival and a grand Excursion punctually and uniformly once a year, on some bright and inspiring day in the spring or summer time. These public social entertainments and exhibitions will produce the happiest effects upon both participants and spectators.

Such progressive Sunday gatherings of our beloved children will be, to some extent, a realization of the age of Harmony on *earth*. Let little children come freely into the Groups, for "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The harmony and melody of these youthful spiritualizing Associations will correspond to the harmony and melody of the eternal kingdom of Love, Wisdom, and Peace.

There are many cogent reasons why Friends of Progress should everywhere establish and multiply these Children's Progressive Lyceums. One of them is, the conspicuous fact that young minds are being constantly *mis*educated by the supporters of the popular

dismal theologies. Your little ones acquire lessons in orthodox Sunday-Schools which require years of mental struggling to *unlearn*. They receive unhappy lessons and learn to believe in unhappy thoughts. Another reason is, large numbers of the children of liberal-minded parents are carelessly straying off on Sunday out into the fields and byways, and thus many of them waste the day, and their plays are many times not profitable either to themselves or to their companions. But the former reason is paramount, that thousands of the children of progressive friends, merely to have some social place regularly to go to on Sunday—for the simple attractions and pleasures of meeting playmates and acquaintances—join dismal orthodox assemblies, go to the popular churches, and thus acquire narrow and bigoted opinions which deeply embitter the fountain of affection, and oft-times poison the cup of an entire life. It is not unfrequent that the innocent victims of an orthodox "Catechism" grow up prejudiced, one-sided, and narrow-minded members of community during all after years. Such minds are enemies of progress, because

they entertain conscientious convictions unfriendly to reforms based on the largest liberty of reason. This progressive work, for the true and harmonious education of the young, should be carried energetically forward in every part of Christendom. Spiritualists should now begin, like true philosophers and philanthropists, to work at the very *roots* of society. Let us gather the Children—

"Gather them in from the street and lane,
Gather them in, both halt and lame;
Gather the deaf, the poor, the blind—
Gather them in with a willing mind.

"Gather them in that seek for rest—
Gather them in from East and West;
Gather them in that roam about,
Gather them in from North and South.

"Gather them in from all the land—
Gather them into our noble band;
Gather them in with spiritual love,
Gather them in for the Sphere above."

The manifest object is, to develop a system of spirit-culture which must, in its practical workings, prove exceedingly valuable, if not a model, for parents and teachers, at home

and in public institutions, for the successful development of the real genius, moral powers, and the reasoning faculties of the youth of both sexes. Here, from the divine fountain of heavenly life, is given the grand basis for the erection of newer and more effective systems of academic and collegiate education.

CHARITY should be early taught to the members. Each Group should look after the little physical necessities of its members. Poor parents cannot easily clothe their little ones sufficiently nice and tidy to associate freely with the children of the more fortunate. Leaders, therefore, should teach and induce the better clothed members to contribute garments, shoes, stockings, money, or whatever will add to the comfort and happiness of the unfortunate. All personal distinctions in the matter of social position, or of dress, must be carefully removed from the thoughts of each Group. Here all meet as immortal children of the infinite Father and Mother.

GRADUATION, or the promotion of members, will be one of the finest effects of this Progressive Lyceum. The progressive ascension of children from primary to superior groups,

and the advancement of members to the position of Leaders or officers, is a part of the system.

The members of our Groups will become the men and women of the future; they will, in a few years, be scattered through all the different paths of human life. They will be not only sisters and brothers, but wives, husbands, mothers, fathers, members of different social and political movements, always exerting an influence in society. Therefore, how important it is that we start with this new, this better, this diviner idea of Education, in keeping with the harmonious and musical principles that regulate both matter and mind throughout the universe. We wish to be at one with the Father, and the way to commence is to ascertain and establish true relations with Mother-Nature. Hence we commence with exercises of a *physical* character; because well-organized, well-disciplined physical organization, is the firm and beautiful temple in which the spirit may live, and the basis on which it may be erected as a sublime and bright superstructure for the eternal spheres.

The Lyceum is an inspiration—that is to say, it is an idea which was found to have expression in the Summer-Land—and we desire to realize on earth, as far as possible, the music and harmony of the heavens. The wise and gentle men and women who, as angels of purity and beauty, inhabit the Summer-Land, educate the little babes who go there every day, and not only those who are children in years, but also in matters of thought and principle. These educational processes in the heavens are independent of books—of the ordinary formal methods of instruction. They are based upon the identity between motion and life in body and spirit—the principles that regulate matter and mind. For instance, if children there were to be taught the principles of astronomy, they would not sit down to Mitchell's Astronomy or Burritt's "Geography of the Heavens," or the text-books of whoever may have written on the subject; for the constellations themselves are astronomers, and every planet waltzes about its primary on the same principle that one human being will pass another in the street, or in the waltz, or in

the mazes of the dance. The bright-eyed, golden-haired, and happy-hearted children in the heavenly Groups go through various marches, whereby they are taught to comprehend the operation of planets, showing how one star plays around another, how satellites move around planets, how planets and satellites move around the sun, how suns with planets and satellites move around greater suns, and how all constellations move around some still greater and more central controlling power. All this attractive knowledge is acquired by the beautiful marches of the little persons who go to the Zellabingen Association, or to some corresponding Lyceum. And thus they are taught, by these semi-waltzing exercises, the astronomy that the Father and Mother have expanded throughout the firmament.

So it is in other departments of knowledge. You can teach geography and the origin and the flowing of rivers—can represent a poem, or any conception that has ever been expressed in literature, or art, or sculpture, or in the epics of the world—by means of musical motions, either by the hands or feet or

the whole body, or by the study of signs and symbols.

These Groups of young people are representative of family circles and progressive communities. They are planets and satellites; and they also signify other bodies and higher degrees in Nature. For example: the first Group is called "Fountain Group." Next, a "Stream," flowing from the fountain. Then, a "River," into which the stream widens. Next, a "Lake." Then from the lake, a "Sea." Then onward into the "Ocean." Now we safely gain the "Shore." Next we joyously behold a "Beacon" on the shore. Then a "Banner" of Progress is waving in the free air. At this point we look above and discover a new "Star" in the heavens. Then an aspiring "Excelsior" spirit enters the heart. And lastly, having passed upward from the "Fountain," we begin to realize internally something of the "Liberty" of the sons of wisdom, truth, and righteousness.

Thus we have a complete Lyceum, composed of twelve Groups, each containing twelve members. When the applicants are more numerous than would be sufficient for

any Group, a new Group is organized, and is called the duplicate of that Group. When a sufficient number of new Groups come forth to form a new organization—viz., twelve duplicates—then is established an independent Lyceum, having its Officers, Leaders, banners, colors, and everything necessary to constitute an individual movement.

Each Group has a *badge* for each of its members, of a significant and appropriate color. Fountain Group is represented by red, which means the first form of love; it is ardent; is the primary, or basic love. Stream Group has the badge of pearl, which color signifies the love that is fleeting—beginning and ending with the senses. River Group is represented by orange color, which indicates organic love, or the love which pertains to the physical being; is, in fact, a part of the mere conscious life of the child. Lake Group is represented by lilac, which means objective love, or the momentary interest of the mind in whatever affects the senses. Sea Group is represented by yellow, which means filial love, or devotion to superiors. Ocean Group is represented by a badge of purple,

which means fraternal or brotherly love. Shore Group is represented by green, which indicates the freshness of youth, the useful or first wisdom-affection. Beacon Group has the deep blue color, signifying love of justice—a desire to gain true and correct ideas of things. Banner Group has a crimson badge, representing power—an earnest love for any congenial undertaking or pursuit. Star Group has azure color, signifying love of the beautiful—especially the love of the distant and the truly sublime. Excelsior Group has pure violet, which signifies aspiring or progressive love. Liberty Group wears a white badge, which includes all the other colors, and signifies harmonious love.

These Lyceum children are not to be catechised according to a book with stereotyped questions and fixed answers, such as, "Who made you?" "Who redeemed you?" "Who sanctified you?" &c. With the orthodox system of religious training in the beginning, there comes, between the susceptible years of ten to twenty—a spiritual distemper called "getting religion." Many youthful persons have it as children have the mumps or

measles; and they go into the churches, and all the little things that were said to them in their Sunday-Schools come up and produce their impression. They usually remember what they have learned, and that is all. For themselves, as independent thinking immortal beings, they *know* nothing. Memory is the channel into which all their spiritual feelings rush and remain; and thus the miseducation twisting the mind for years and years, as too many can testify, consigns the soul to dungeons of doubt and despondency, and spreads a gloom over all the fair face of Nature. You know how wrong and evil such teachings are, especially for the little and gentle ones in our homes. We wish to break all this theology asunder. It is the most outrageous imposition and falsehood.

[NOTE.—In accordance with plans and principles indicated in the foregoing, the Lyceum was duly organized in Dodworth's Hall, in the city of New York, on the 25th of January, 1863. Both Officers and Leaders were ready to embark in the noble cause, the children came from all parts of the city, and the succeeding pages contain much that has been gathered by experience and inspiration during the first two years.]

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS
OF THE
Children's Progressive Lyceum.

[At a regular meeting of the Officers and Leaders of the New York Lyceums, on Saturday evening, March 18th, 1865, the Conductor presented the following Constitution and By-Laws, which were adopted, and are hereby recommended to the friends of Education as embodying the general plan and principles of a new school for the youth of both sexes:]

ARTICLE 1.
Announcement and Name.

The Friends of Progress have long deeply felt the want of a natural system of education —physical, intellectual, and moral—adapted to the senses, the mind and heart of the young; and providing, by its completeness, attractiveness, and thoroughness, for the progressive development of susceptible minds in the principles of justice and truth, humanity and universal benevolence, and those noble and ennobling virtues and attributes, upon which is based and erected symmetrical individual character and the progress of all mankind.

The liberal and spiritually-minded portion

of every community take a vital interest in a new and more harmonious system of Education, and they have come to feel its demands more imperatively, because everywhere, under the influence of believers in the doctrines of past ages, children are drawn into the popular currents of false theology, and thus receive a religious bias in the direction of error and baseless superstitions, wholly at variance with the principles of Harmonial culture and growth in science, philosophy, truth, justice, liberty, and spirituality. In after years, when these erroneously-taught children are men and women, and become fathers and mothers, the opinions and prejudices they have acquired in the Sunday-Schools, Bible-Classes, and by attendance at the sectarian institutions of common education, cling to them and appear in their families in the form of bigotry, uncharitableness, assumed righteousness, and unprogressive conservatism.

And furthermore, we deem the popular systems of general and religious Education, for the most part, unnatural, unadapted to the young, and therefore unattractive and *injurious* to their confiding and impressible natures. The methods of the professional schoolmen are proverbially arbitrary, and constraining to the bodies and souls of the young. Their programme of instruction is external, and is valued chiefly for purposes of show and circumstance; while the routine of discipline is partial, unnatural, and frequently antago-

nistic to the established laws of life and health.

We believe, on the other hand, in a religion of justice, social unity, and physical progress —in the happy and complete cultivation and symmetrical development of body, soul, and spirit—to the accomplishment of which the whole life and the best talent of men and women should be consecrated. The body, mind, and spirit of the child should be drawn forth progressively, and educated in all the ways of love and wisdom. By pleasing and natural methods the young should be taught to understand and reverently love whatever is useful, and beautiful, and just, and wise, not only for immediate advantage in this world, but also for uninterrupted progress, and to secure higher happiness in the Summer-Land.

Therefore we have embarked in an educational system for truer and more perfect culture. And believing that an associative effort is far more effective than the individual action of the same persons, we do hereby form an organization which shall be known as the "Children's Progressive Lyceum of the City of New York."

ARTICLE 2.

Plan of the Lyceum Organization.

A complete Children's Progressive Lyceum is composed of twelve Groups, each with a Leader. The highest number of members in each Group shall be twelve. Duplicate

Groups may be organized, and Leaders for them appointed; but the Duplicate Groups shall not be considered as fully organized until they attain to the number of twelve, when they become entitled to new names for their Groups, and to all the privileges and benefits embraced in the plan of the original Association, of which, however, the new Lyceum shall be independent, unless, by a vote of a majority of its Officers and Leaders, it holds its public sessions and performs its legitimate functions on the same floor with the first organization. In this case, where two or more complete Lyceums occupy the same apartment, the government of all the Groups and of the institutions shall be vested in the principal Officers and their Assistants, who were duly elected to act in behalf of the original Lyceum.

ARTICLE 3.

Objects of the Children's Lyceum.

The objects of the Association shall be the promotion of Truth, Justice, Fraternal Love, Purity, Beauty, Music, Art, Health, Science, Philosophy, and Spirituality.

These objects we propose to promote by establishing and maintaining a School on Sunday in the city of New York, for the benefit and instruction of the young of both sexes, and of all ages, in accordance with the plans and principles set forth in the following articles of our Constitution, whereby we here-

by promise to be governed in our individual capacities as Officers and Leaders of Groups.

The primary object of this Association shall be the cultivation and harmonization of the individual. We propose to cultivate and harmonize *the physical part,* (1,) by teaching and obeying the laws and conditions of life and health; (2,) by vocal exercises, and strengthening motions under the influence of instrumental music; (3,) by singing appropriate Songs, and by Marches, and by the practice of the most useful and graceful of those physical movements known as Light Gymnastics.

The object next in importance is the cultivation and just development of *the intellectual part:* by means of legitimate signs and the prime symbols of natural things, to teach, rightly and accurately and attractively, the Alphabet, Reading, Writing, Geography, Natural History, Geometry, Algebra, Arithmetic, Grammar, the Speculative and Exact Sciences, Language, Music, Art, and all the approved branches of study and mental culture. (N. B.—We contemplate the introduction of these branches of education, with the natural methods of imparting instruction, when the plan and principles of the Lyceum shall be incorporated on a scale sufficiently grand and comprehensive to call for sessions of the Groups every day.)

The next object contemplated is the cultivation of *the moral part:* (1,) by the study of

the mind, its structure, life-powers, laws, and functions; (2,) by interesting mind in mind, inducing spirit to look into itself, through apt hints and suggestive interrogations, imparted in gentle conversations and in illustrations which charm and exalt the perceptions of the youthful mind; (3,) by helping the child to right names for thoughts and feelings; (4,) by assisting and strengthening the awakening intelligence to analyze and classify the essences of things, physical and metaphysical; (5,) by encouraging the young mind to think accurately of *forms*, *qualities*, *uses*, *relations*, and *adaptations* in human nature and society, as well as in the outlying world of phenomena.

The most important object sought by the Association is the cultivation and harmonization of *the spiritual part:* (1,) by addressing the intuitions and highest mental powers progressively, beginning with simplest truths, and advancing steadily toward the fixed central principles of the Divine Existence; (2,) by means of persuasive questionings, and memorable maxims, and precepts in poetic measure, teaching the young spirit to discern holy truths, and to love reverently the works and ways of Father-God and Mother-Nature; (3,) by conversations concerning charity and heavenly things, concerning life in the Summer-Land, where existence itself is at once a joy and a worship, and concerning the divine and perpetually good things that surround the

good and the gifted in the supernal state; (4,) by the reading of books given by inspiration; (5,) by Silver-Chain Recitations of purely devotional prose or verse; (6,) by the singing of loving and sacred Songs and Hymns, portraying the beauty and value of life and the lessons of immortality; (7,) by inculcating, free from the constraints of dogmatic methods, the central truths and principles of whatsoever is heavenly, infinite, unlimited, and eternal.

ARTICLE 4.

Officers for the Association.

To insure and maintain unity of action in our methods and efforts, the Children's Progressive Lyceum shall have the following Officers and Leaders:

A Conductor, a Guardian of the Groups, a Librarian, a Musical Director, a Band of Guards, and a corps of Leaders. Each of the Chief Officers may have an Assistant, and also Special Deputies to serve on special public occasions. The Band of Guards shall be composed of not less than two nor more than five members, and they may be chosen from among the Assistant Officers. There shall be not more than one Leader assigned to each Group. Males and females are alike eligible to any of the offices of this Association.

ARTICLE 5.

Duties of Officers.

SEC. 1 —It shall be the duty of the Conductor to preside at all the public sessions of the Lyceum, to call the Groups to order, to preserve harmony throughout the School, to announce the order of exercises, to lead in the Silver-Chain Recitations, and perform the functions and duties usually assigned to a presiding officer. The Conductor may, by and with the consent of the majority of Officers and Leaders, act in the capacity of Treasurer of the Association. He shall redeem with suitable bills the tickets of merit which have been issued to the members of the Groups.

DUTIES OF THE GUARDIAN.

SEC. 2.—It shall be the duty of the Guardian to superintend and guard the Groups during the entire session of the School. It is her duty, in connection with her Assistant, to keep a LYCEUM JOURNAL, in which shall be recorded the titles of the Groups, the names and addresses of their Leaders, and the full name of each member in the different Groups. The date of the admission of new members, and the time and the cause of the expulsion of those, who, after repeated trial, refuse to harmonize with the rules and methods of the institution, must be recorded in the Guardian's Journal. She shall distribute the badges to

the several Groups when they are first called to order. It is also the duty of this Officer to issue (after the lessons of the day have been considered,) tickets of merit to each Leader, who shall name the number of tickets required to reward the deserving members of the Group. The Guardian is the bearer of the first and principal banner in all the Marches.

DUTIES OF THE LIBRARIAN.

SEC. 3.—It shall be the duty of the Librarian to keep a record of the titles of all books which may be added, either by contribution or purchase, to the Library of the Lyceum. He shall allow the Leaders every opportunity to select books for members, and shall enter upon his Record the number of each book so selected, charging the *whole* number to the Group represented by the Leader. It is also the duty of this Officer to keep the books in repair, and report the titles of books not returned to the Library, and the Leader's name against whom they are charged. And he shall, aided by his Assistant, perform such other duties as belong to the office of Librarian.

DUTIES OF THE MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

SEC. 4.—It shall be the duty of the Musical Director to keep and preserve all the music, and take charge of the instruments belonging to the Lyceum, subject to the approval of the Executive Board hereinafter named. He

shall select the Songs to be sung during the session, and lead in teaching and illustrating the science and harmonies of Music. The Leaders and Groups will be given into his control and discipline during the time allotted to musical and singing exercises. And he, and his or her Assistant, shall perform all other duties pertaining to the office of Musical Director.

DUTIES OF THE GUARDS.

SEC. 5.—It shall be the duty of the Guards to patrol the apartment or hall in which the Lyceum is in session, and preserve order among Groups and spectators, and converse with strangers kindly and instructively concerning the plan and import of the work going forward in behalf of the young. The Guards shall have charge and supervision of the anterooms, used by the children for their hats and other apparel, and shall keep order among the members on the adjournment of the School. It shall be their duty to prepare the flags for the March, to arrange the seats so that the procession can move properly through the room, and assist in such manner as may be indicated by the Conductor, or Guardian, or their Assistants.

DUTIES OF THE LEADERS.

SEC. 6.—It shall be the duty of the Leaders to attend punctually, and preside with gentleness and loving kindness over the little

ones assigned to their Groups. They shall each keep a "Group Journal," in which may be recorded the full name and address of each member, and also the number of the book selected for the member from the Library. Leaders will issue tickets of membership. They may, at their discretion, give members permission to invite their playmates and young acquaintances to enter the Group as guests, for one or more Sundays, subject to the approval of the Conductor or Guardian. Leaders will visit members whose prolonged absence from the Groups is unexplained. Also, they may deem it a part of their duty to the Lyceum to call socially upon the parents of members, and like missionaries of peace and good will, they may induce little wanderers to join their Groups.

ARTICLE 6.

Executive Functions of Officers and Leaders.

SEC. 1.—The Conductor, the Guardian, and the Librarian, shall constitute an Executive Board. They shall have charge and custody of the personal and real property of the Association. They may transact business in the name of the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," and in behalf thereof, but subject to the investigation and approval of a majority of the Officers and Leaders of the Association.

SEC. 2.—The Executive and the Assistant Officers, the Band of Guards, and the Leaders

of the Groups, shall constitute a Board of Managers, and a majority of them present at the regularly-called meetings shall be a quorum. They shall have power to nominate and fill vacancies, and may adopt rules and enact by-laws for the government of the Groups, and for the regulation of the temporalities of the Association.

ARTICLE 7.

Conditions of Membership.

Any person may become an Officer or Leader in the Children's Progressive Lyceum by receiving the vote of a majority of the Officers and Leaders, and subscribing to this Constitution.

ARTICLE 8.

On Suspensions and Expulsions.

No law shall ever be passed or amendment made permitting complaints to be proposed or entertained against the religious sentiments or social position of any Officer or Leader of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, nor shall any motion ever be made for the censure, or suspension, or expulsion of any Officer, or Leader, or member, except for such cause as negligence, non-attendance, inattention to duty, insubordination to the established methods of the School, disorderly conduct, or mental incapacity to fulfill the legitimate functions of office.

ARTICLE 9.

Amendments, Alterations, or Additions.

These Articles of our Constitution may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the Officers and Leaders present, at a special meeting called for the purpose, and after public notice, of at least fifteen days, setting forth the proposed amendments, alterations, or additions.

GENERAL BY-LAWS

FOR THE

Government of the Lyceum.

ARTICLE 1.

Annual Election of Officers and Leaders.

The Officers and Leaders shall be chosen annually, and elected by ballot, on the Sunday next following the celebration of the Anniversary, and after notice shall have been given, in presence of the Lyceum, two Sundays preceding the election. The members of all the Groups shall be entitled to vote for their Officers and Leaders at every annual election.

ARTICLE 2.

Vacancies in Office—How Filled.

In case a vacancy in any office shall occur, by resignation or removal, or from any cause

whatever, it shall be the duty of the Executive Board to fill such vacancy, until the next regular meeting of the Officers and Leaders. Furthermore, whenever any Leader shall resign or vacate his or her position, it shall be the duty of such Officer to provide a suitable substitute, and the Conductor or Guardian shall submit the name of the proposed Leader to the next regular meeting.

ARTICLE 3.

Regular Meetings of Officers and Leaders.

The duly elected Officers and Leaders shall hold regular meetings for the transaction of business in behalf of the Lyceum, and for purposes of social interchange and mutual improvement, on every alternate Saturday evening, or semi-monthly (except during vacations,) and the Conductor shall have power to call special meetings whenever he deems it necessary.

ARTICLE 4.

Election of Special Officers.

At any regular meeting of the Officers and Leaders, it shall be lawful, when a majority of them are present, to appoint a Secretary, to pass By-Laws, to offer and confirm amendments, and do whatever is deemed essential to good order and the harmonious government of the Association; providing, however, that such By-Laws, amendments, and business transactions, shall in no wise contravene or infringe upon the largest and broadest interpretation of the articles of the Constitution.

ARTICLE 5.

Duty of the Secretary.

The Secretary shall keep a correct and full list of the names and address of the Officers and Leaders, and shall take minutes and duly record the regular business transactions of the meetings.

ARTICLE 6.

Expenses and Finances.

It shall be the duty of the Conductor, or of the person duly appointed as Treasurer, to keep a faithful record of all the expenditures and receipts of the Lyceum, and to make correct report thereof whenever the majority of Officers and Leaders present may call for it.

ARTICLE 7.

Order of the Leaders' Meetings.

The regular meetings of the Officers and Leaders shall be conducted in the following order:

I. Silver-Chain Recitation of some appropriate selection.

II. Singing.

III. Reading and acting on the minutes of the last previous meeting.

IV. Acting on the filling of vacancies, or the election of new Officers and Leaders to meet the demands of the School.

V. Miscellaneous or unfinished business, if any.
VI. Singing or Recitations, or both.
VII. Adjournment.

An Hour of Social Interchange.

If the hour of the evening be not too late after adjournment, it will be found promotive of mutual friendship and good will to engage in parlor pastimes and innocent amusements, in which all can with propriety freely and cordially participate. We have derived much strength and encouragement from these social and joyous reunions. The young ladies and gentlemen Leaders of the Lyceum, together with the older Officers, have thus become better acquainted with each other, and, as a consequence, more *united* and strong in the beautiful cause of Progressive Education.

A Child's Inheritance.

Children are born with two distinct characters. One inherited from the Fount of every blessing; the other from their immediate progenitors. The first, derived from God and Nature, is spiritual and eternal; the second, being the organic and constructive process, is arbitrary, and will not always continue. In after years, however, when the child is thoroughly drawn away from its *inmost* consciousness by the illusions of the external senses, *a third character is formed*, which is still more external and correspondingly ephemeral. And yet, owing to the impressibility of the spiritual life currents of the inmost, the mind and disposition are very generally fashioned in this world by the last character, which society, through its many and varied circumstances, has manufactured and put upon the individual spirit. Although an Englishman is *in esse* the same as a Frenchman, yet they will conduct themselves differently—with different tastes, creeds, poetry, literature, philos-

ophy, etc.—because, aside from the unlikeness arising from different parentage, these two persons, *as spiritual beings*, are, to some extent, necessitated to act and manifest themselves *through the world-made character*, which, though superficial and arbitrary, is nevertheless prëeminently successful in its supremacy for the time being.

Assuming, as a fact, that the *third* character is educational, and that the Spirit is in general necessitated to act through and by means of it, (as a person is obliged to speak with the words he remembers,) we think parents should calmly consider what sort of *teachers*, what class of *books*, and lastly, what kind of *schools* are best adapted to unfold the real excellencies, and to develop the truest character of childhood.

Childhood, by itself considered, is the condition of simple super-sensuous consciousness. What is the proof? This: that the child-heart is earliest influenced by divine principles. What do we mean? That the young spirit is the first to take on the lesson of innocent, unselfish love; and that its earliest impressions are redolent of divine simplicity and unsus-

pecting truthfulness. The spiritual integrity and unselfish lovingness of the young are facts of universal observation and consciousness. The mother's genial touch, or her reverent spirit stealing its way into the young mind, may awaken thought, enkindle feeling, and quicken to duty, and explore the realms of consciousness—or, as in too many cases, the incapacitated parent may leave the tender, undepraved soil uncultivated—just as, perhaps, her own was neglected by those who gave it an embodied existence.

Children, because so spiritually impressible, should be fortified and guarded against the psychology of *imitation*. They assume unconsciously the thoughts and actions of their companions, as, by contact, they absorb the magnetism and likeness of epidemics—measles, mumps, croup, scarlet fever, &c. Yet it is never wise to deem children incapable of originality. If we regard, with more confiding attention, the chance-sayings that drop ever and anon from their rosy lips, our own progress will be greatly accelerated angel-ward. Men fancy themselves *wiser* than children—because, forsooth, they have seen more of the world's contemptible ways. Let no one deem

such knowledge, *wisdom*. The true, unspoiled child, is wise, and its unsophisticated genius is divine; compared with which the education of a Bacon is but transitional intelligence and systematic folly. Childhood is incessantly uttering sage words worthy of the oldest philosophy. Its simple improvisations are revelations of great future possibilities. Analyze a child's consciousness, listen now and then to its affirmations and aspirations for whatsoever is Good, and Beautiful, and Wise, and Spiritual, and you will be instructed beyond books and priests. Treat tenderly, never scoffingly, the bright visions of youth. Let childhood teach you to recall the spiritual kingdom away down in your own soul's heart. The gentle Nazarene believed that children would apprehend his teachings far quicker than the learned Rabbi and salaried priests of the temples. And he was not mistaken. Little children did comprehend his principles through his beautiful parables (or stories, with morals;) and besides these, may be mentioned the "mothers" and daughters of humanity; for wherever beats an intuitive heart, there the teachings of the *true teacher* are best appreciated.

Principles of Education.

A writer in the *Golden Gate*, fully recognizing our principles of culture, says: "Children are always true to Nature; and the demands of Nature must be met, or there will be a revolt; hence they are always most attracted to that teacher, whose enlightened and liberal philosophy, by entering into their sports, as well as their studies, recognizes them as genuine human beings.

"It is a great law of Nature that the proper exercise of any faculty or set of faculties always gives pleasure, while the undue or disproportionate exercise of any, inflicts pain. Thus, if the whole development is harmonious, the whole process of education would induce only pleasurable emotions and delightful associations. Study, then, as well as physical labor, would be only another form of play; for the same law of Nature which demands exercise for one faculty, demands it also for another and for all; and where there is no disproportion, there can be no deformity.

"But there are few teachers whose own development is so harmoniously attuned to the laws of Nature that they can perceive the true relations between Material and Spiritual; and even they are hardly understood and appreciated. Were there such, they would wield a power as yet undreamed of. Coercion would be dispensed with, in almost all cases; for the tendency to harmonious development would be governed by as fixed and determined a law as that by which the plant puts itself into leaf, stem, bud, and flower. In short, education would simply respond to the necessity of our nature, which requires that the human being should live and grow, and aspire toward all perfection. A teacher who understood this would attract his pupils, and attach them to himself, so that by *love* alone he could control and guide them. He would always keep the balance even, by stimulating them to action, hardening the morbidly sensitive, and restraining the wayward. We must have a system of Education based on philosophical principles. This the preservation of the race and the spirit of the age alike demand."

Be Patient with Children.

"There is another thought," says Mr. Beecher, "that I wish to urge—the transmissableness of moral qualities from parent to child. But in training the child, the harder it is to train him so as to give him the right character, the more earnestly should you work to do it; because that which we superinduce by training on his constitution, either of body or mind, he will transmit to his offspring. If your child inherits a nature that is just and generous and good, while it will be easy for you to bring him up, he and his offspring to later generations will have the benefit of that moral constitution which you have handed down to him. But even if your child is bad, you can form a habit on him which shall make it likely that *his* child will be better than the father. So that the education which you bestow upon your child, and which taxes your strength and patience, is not for him alone, but for his babe, and for generations in the time to come. And if you,

by the touch of a prophet, could see the airy forms of the future, and hear their voices, you would see many holding up imploring hands, and would hear them say, 'Be faithful to your child, for our destiny hangs on his; and what you do for that child, you do not for him alone, but for multitudes that are unborn.' And if the work be hard, think how long its effects will remain, and how far its blessings will reach.

"Be patient, then, with children—poorly organized children, nervous children, irritable children, that tend to fret and grieve. Be patient with children that are obstinate and ugly, whose basilar nature seems to be more developed than their coronal. Be patient, that, if possible, you may be able to counteract, or restrain, or bind, that evil in them which otherwise may come rolling over with accumulations to curse coming generations.

"And, morover, when you are saving them, you save yourselves; for the very discipline and self-restraint and self-denial which are required to train those who are difficult to train, reacts and makes you better. And oh, how glorious will be the meeting of pa-

rents and children in the kingdom of heaven, where dear and loving parents have had dear and loving children! But oh, how much more glorious will be that meeting, when the children that have lain on you like a nightmare meet you in heaven, and say to you in the light of God's presence, 'You were twice my father: from you came my life, and from you my immortality.'

"It may be that you have your sorrows and troubles, and that you will have a thousand times more than you have had; but if it is hard to bear with your own children, how much harder is it to bear with other people's children! Perchance they are vagabonds, and have no one to care for them; but they are somebody's children; and if you never see their father and mother to get their thanks, remember that Christ will say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my poor and despised little ones, ye did it unto me.' Be patient, and God shall give you your reward by-and-by, and enough of it."

Concerning the Summer-Land.

The reason for the free use of the beautiful phrase, "Summer-Land," in this little Manual, may not be fully understood by the general reader. A few explanatory words, therefore, in this connection, may give the questioning mind some satisfaction.

In the third chapter of John, twelfth verse, you will find the following passage: "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?"

The phrase "Summer-Land" is applicable to all that inconceivably vast "Second Sphere" which is the next future residence of mankind. (For descriptions of locality, scenery, &c., we refer to other volumes.) The Summer-Land is seen to be a *natural* state of human existence—growing out of the universal system of causes and effects, laws and ultimates, just as naturally as to-day grew out of yesterday. Are you not to-day, in all parts of your being, the legitimate result of

what the laws, conditions, and experiences of yesterday made you? You absolutely died to yesterday All you know of yesterday is remembrance. No man or woman can live in any *past* hour, except in the chambers of intangible memory. You live NOW, and thus it will be innumerable ages hence. The universal verdict of reason will be this ever-*present* consciousness of Existence—the Past merely a ghost of the memory; the Future a picture, illuminated by the inextinguishable lights of eternal hope. Throughout innumerable ages, to every one the Past will be a dream. The Future will be a subject of curiosity, of surprise and attractiveness, in the succeeding ages of eternal life, on the same principle that to-morrow will be new and attractive to those who live in the present. None can tell with absolute certainty what will happen to-morrow. There is, nevertheless, an universal confidence in its coming, because of the immutable and perpetual flow of Nature' laws, causing the revolution of the planets and the rising and setting of suns—thus all men believe that to-morrow will surely come.

Death is a chemical screen—a strainer, or finely-woven sieve—through which, by the perpetual flow of the laws of Mother-Nature, individuals are passed on to their *true* stations in the next stage or degree of life.

A process of refinement is this wondrous inevitable death-experience. The spirit with the encasing soul, hidden centers of life, all the characteristics that have distinguished, and all the motives that have influenced the person—all these easily pass through the death-strainer, the screen or sieve; while the physical body and its particles, which cannot get through, are dropped; and, what is more gratifying, with the physical body are left behind many of those hereditary predispositions and abnormal conditions which gave rise to discordant passions and false appetites, which (in the language of the East) are called "demons" and "unclean spirits." The *causes* of these vaporish demons and unclean spirits remain on the earth-side of the death-strainer; while the *effects*, which those causes impressed on the soul—being so fine and so mixed with the soul-substance—pass through and remain with the individual long after he

has attained to his social center in the Second Sphere.

In brief, then, this is my testimony: The Summer-Land, as to the composition of its social centers, is made of persons from all parts of this inhabitable globe not only, but populations also from far-distant planets that are constituted like this earth—each globe producing an infinite variety of radical personal characteristics and temperamental differences. All these individuals carry upon the life within their faces, as well as in the secret chamber of their affections, the *effects* of life on the globe that produced them. If the person has been moved and governed by high and beautiful motives, he naturally and instinctively seeks association with those who have been similarly actuated and developed. If, on the other hand, the person has been led by low and demoralizing motives, he as naturally seeks those, who, before death, had been correspondingly influenced. There a man can elect his friends and gravitate to his own congenial social sphere. Progression out of imperfection is a purely spiritual transaction, growing out of the same general

causes and resulting in the same internal effects upon character. Societies in the Summer-Land, therefore, are, in general terms, natural exponents of the interior realities of the societies of men and women on different planets.

CONDUCTOR'S LESSONS.

To the Entire Lyceum.

The plan, as a general rule, requires the Leader of each Group to select a line, a couplet, a verse, a prose maxim, or a brief question, which is to be given to *each* member for the next Sunday's lesson, immediately after the consideration of the last lesson is concluded. The Leaders, to save time, write out on separate slips of paper (one slip for each member) the lesson for the succeeding Sunday, and thus each child can take the lesson home.

But, to vary the method, the Conductor or Guardian can give a question, or topic, for the consideration of the entire school, which,

for a few Sundays in succession, will greatly interest all—Officers, Leaders, members, and spectators in different parts of the hall. (Spectators should never be allowed to attract or distract the attention of the children or their Leaders.)

Our Conductor, for example, gave to the whole school this question: "What are the most beautiful forms of Truth?"

On the succeeding Sunday the children came with their answers. The Conductor in a distinct voice inquires thus: "Can any child tell the lesson that was given out last Sunday?" [Several voices correctly give the question.] This instantly fixes the attention and interest of all present. Conductor: "Well, children, will some of you tell what you deem the most beautiful forms of Truth?" [After a little hesitation]: A member in Banner Group rises and answers—"The doing of good deeds—obeying the Golden Rule." A little girl in Fountain Group: "Loving one another." A lad in Temple Group: "The Children's Progressive Lyceum is the most beautiful form of Truth." A girl in Evangel Group: "The Moral Police Fraternity—doing deeds of charity."

After twenty minutes of such conference, the Conductor inquires: "Will any Leader or member propose a question for next Sunday?" After a few moments of silence, a member (a little girl) proposes, "What is Heaven?" The Conductor accepts, and the lesson is reiterated distinctly as the topic for the next Sunday's lesson.

The Leaders now procure books from the Library. After this, and when all are ready, with everything in left hand, (*right hand being free to carry the flag,*) all rise, form in rank, and proceed to the final march, to piano-forte music. (For particular instructions, see rules in the chapter on the "Order of Exercises.")

On the following Sunday the same method of *drawing out* the children is adopted with increasing interest and more success. Sometimes the children dare not rise and give answer, being a little shy, at first, to speaking in the presence of a large number, in which case the Leader will give the replies of their members, as near as possible, in the precise words used by the children. The simplicity and natural play of the child's fancy (awakening intuition,) must not be trifled with nor *stilted*

into the high phrases of adult definitions. It is easier to correct extravagant imagination in childhood when you treat them with gentle sympathy and respect, as you would and doubtless do, treat with kindly spirit the religious errors of the otherwise agreeable family in the adjoining house. Never ridicule nor abuse the simple longings, utterances, and spontaneous imaginations of the infant spirit. Therefore, at the risk of awakening a smile throughout the school, let the Leader give very nearly the child's *own words* in response to questions.

To the question, "What is Heaven?" a number of children gave the highest order of replies. One little girl said: "A place of rest where the soul goes when the body dies." Another member: "A peaceful state of mind." A very little girl in Fountain Group said: "I am happy when my hair is curled as it is to-day!" [This answer greatly amused the school.] There was a very general concurrence that "Heaven is a mental condition, rather than a place of residence."

At the conclusion of this interesting and most profitable conference, the Conductor

called for "another question for next Sunday." In response the Leader of Star Group offered: "What shall we do to attain to the heavenly state of happiness?" The Conductor accepted, and the question was therefore issued.

☞ Just here let the Leaders bear in mind that they are expected to *confer* with their members, are to question them concerning the topic before them, are to *extract*, so to speak, their most *private confidences*, and ascertain *little thinkings*, before the Conductor begins to interrogate the school on the subject. From ten to fifteen minutes should be first given to these *private conferences* between Leaders and members; then the Conductor may, with hope of much success, begin to question the whole school on the method already described.

The replies to the last question were even more excellent and instructive. A very little boy in Fountain Group answered: "Love, and be truthful." One little musical boy thought that he would attain heaven "if he had plenty of money." His Leader asked, "What would you do with it?" And he answered,

"I would buy a great big fiddle." A little girl in Ocean Group said, "Loving everybody, and doing them all the good you can." Excelsior Group gave answer through the Leader, "Loving one another; trying to make one another happy; living to benefit others; doing good works." A girl member of senior Temple Group answered: "Obedience to one's highest conviction of right; but nobody has any right to say what that sense of right shall be." The boys in Temple Group, jun., gave answers, for the most, accordant with the replies of girls in Excelsior class, but using different phraseology.

The Conductor, on receiving no answer to the question, "Will any one propose a lesson for next Sunday?" gave to the whole Lyceum this topic: "Which is the best rule for the regulation of conduct—the Silver Rule, or the Golden Rule?"

This question is one of great interest to all the children. Because the Conductor, ever and anon, during the year, has asked the whole Lyceum, often just before singing the last song, questions as follows:

Con.—"What is the name of the *lowest* rule in human action?"

All.—The children, as one voice, reply: "The Iron Rule."

Con.—"What is the name of the next best rule?"

All.—Immediately they all respond: "The Silver Rule."

Con.—"What is that rule called which is higher than the last named?"

All.—"The Golden Rule."

Now, to bring out the thoughts of children on the meaning of these questions, the Conductor addresses himself to the whole Lyceum, and asks:

Con.—"What is your definition of the rule of Iron?"

All.—"Evil for evil."

Con.—"What do you mean by the Silver Rule?"

All.—"Good for good."

Con. —"What is the Golden Rule?"

All.—"Good for evil."

[NOTE.—The Conductor's staff, by which he calls the Lyceum to order, &c., a sort of baton or wand, is a beautifully gilded rod, about an inch in diameter, called the "Golden Rule." He uses it in guiding the marches on public occasions, when in the street, as well as in the Hall on Sunday.]

Much of the success of a Lyceum depends upon this one condition: *Mutual respect and kindness between Officers and Leaders, and coöperation in keeping order and obeying the rules adopted for the government of the institution.* Any laxity, any indifference, any disregard of orders or rules announced, will bear the *fruits of anarchy.* Leaders' meetings, therefore, *regularly held and punctually attended,* are of first importance to "unity of spirit" between Officers and Leaders. You are called to put your theories to the *test;* you are now to be "tried in the balance" of *practice.* You are yourselves parents, or are members of families, and you are now called to vindicate your title to that relation.

The Conductor may teach the children, *en masse,* to answer other more philosophical questions, as:

Con.—What is the lowest kingdom in nature?"

All.—"The Mineral Kingdom."

Con.—"What is next above the Mineral?"

All.—"The Vegetable."

Con.—"What Kingdom is next higher than the Vegetable?"

All.—"The Animal Kingdom."

Con.—"What next superior?"

All.—"The Human Kingdom."

Con.—"What kingdom is that called which is just above the human."

All.—"The Spiritual Kingdom."

Con.—"What is the next highest?"

All.—"The Angelic."

Con.—"What is just higher than the Angelic Kingdom?"

All.—"The Celestial Kingdom."

Con.—"What Kingdom is next above the Celestial?"

All.—"The Heavenly."

Con.—"What is that which is higher than the Heavenly Kingdom?"

All.—"The Divine, or Father-God."

When the children have responded thus, defining as last and highest, the name "God," then the Conductor may glide, without further notice, into the devotional Silver-Chain Recitation, beginning, "God of the Mountain." (See another page in this book.)

With these suggestions, every intelligent Conductor or Guardian—if only a true friend to and lover of children—can arrange new and

various *exercises* for the whole Lyceum. Songs may be written, and new music set to words in this book, and new Silver-Chain Recitations may be written and printed on slips, and pasted on the blank leaves, and yet other additions may be introduced by each Lyceum, for the sake of varying the interest, but *let no alteration be adopted in the general system, without due deliberation and very cogent and sufficient reasons.*

The following definitions may serve as hints to writers of verse, songs, or prose. But the titles of Groups in Lyceum No. 2 are not less suggestive of poetic imagery, and picturesque views of truth and progress :

From a primal "FOUNTAIN" all things flow.

The "STREAM" of Love flows onward forever.

The "RIVER" of Truth shall eternally roll.

Heaven is reflected by the peaceful "LAKE."

We safely sail over Life's throbbing "SEA."

The tide of Love's infinite "OCEAN" never ebbs.

Truth's golden sands are on the "SHORE."

Wisdom's BEACON" lights our upward pathway.

Beautiful is the "BANNER" of righteousness.

Reason is the guiding "STAR" of the soul.

"EXCELSIOR" is the watchword of eternal progress.

The love of "LIBERTY" is sacred and eternal.

[On the succeeding page will be found a "Scale of Groups" in LYCEUM No. 1. The numbers and titles of Groups, their colors, and the interior meanings thereof, as well as the progressive plan, may be learned from the Scale.]

The Scale of Groups and Colors in Lyceum No. 1.

Numbers of the GROUPS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Titles of the GROUPS	Fountain GROUP	Stream GROUP	River GROUP	Lake GROUP	Sea GROUP	Ocean GROUP	Shore GROUP	Beacon GROUP	Banner GROUP	Star GROUP	Excelsior GROUP	Liberty GROUP
Ages of Members.	4 Years.	5 Years.	6 Years.	7 Years.	8 Years.	9 Years.	10 Years.	11 Years.	12 Years.	13 Years.	14 Years.	15 and upward
Colors of the Badges.	Red.	Pearl.	Orange	Lilac.	Yellow.	Purple.	Green.	Blue.	Crimson	Azure.	Violet.	White.
Language of the Colors.	Opening Love.	Reciprocal Love.	Constructive Love.	Expanding Love.	Ascending Love.	Universal Love.	Love of the Useful.	Love of Justice.	Love of Power.	Love of the Beautiful.	Love of Aspiration.	Love of Harmony.

Lessons and General Questions

FOR

THE GROUPS.

A Word to Leaders.

Leaders of Groups have the whole range of modern as well as ancient literature from which to cull the brief Lessons for the members. All poetical and prose works are filled with appropriate and complete verses, sentiments, proverbs, and pleasing embodiments of useful truths. All philosophers have written important short sentences conveying great principles in few words. An intelligent and affectionate Leader—one who *loves* children and takes *interest* in their unfoldings—will never lack for a topic of conversation. *Order* and *system* in a Leader are of the first importance to true progress. Perhaps it should be mentioned that, as a rule, *verse is remembered* when prose is forgotten.

☞ *The Lessons of the Primary Groups may be incorporated into the teachings of the more advanced, as it is well understood that the greater includes the less.*

Fountain Group.

No. 1.—UNDER FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, RED.]

Under this head it is suggested that the following subjects be presented:

Playthings and playmates.
Pets: dogs, cats, horses, birds, flowers, trees, &c.
All life is love.
Do you love life?
Would you hurt anything that has life?
Life is from God and Nature. Life is the source of thoughts and feelings. Pure, sweet life, produces loving and joyful feelings.
Discordant feelings arise from impure and diseased life.
Do you love flowers and birds? They are forms of love.
Do you love all things beautiful? The most beautiful form of love is wisdom.

Stream Group.

No. 2.—UNDER FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, PEARL.]

Under this head may be considered:

Bathing: Cleansing the mouth and teeth.
Best foods and drinks: The evils of tobacco, opium, drugs, and candies.

Meaning and right use of words: The evils of vulgarity and profanity.
Home Life: Friends and acquaintances.
The significance and uses of music.
The beauty and healthfulness of dancing.
Evils of over-indulging the passions and appetites.
First look for what is good, and then you will find what is true.
If you are both good and true, you will be beautiful.
A baby is called pure, innocent, beautiful, angelic.
All good and true and beautiful persons are lovers of children.
Do you know of any child of your acquaintance who does not love mother, father, home, and kind friends?
In the heavenly home—in the holy habitations of the Summer-Land—there are myriads of children. The good and true are always most happy and playful.
Consequences of persisting in evil ways: Moral apostacies, loss of self-respect, loss of friends, failure in business, premature death, and prolonged unrest in the Summer-Land.

River Group.

No. 3.—UNDER SIX YEARS.

[*Color of Badge*, ORANGE.]

Under this head the following subjects may be considered:

Bodily chastity: Self-control in all habits.
Purification and repentance: Temperance in all things.
The beautiful processes of decay and renovation.
Effects of bodily virtues on the skin, eyes, gestures, breath, teeth, personal appearance, and upon the character through life.
Do you ever eat or ask for food when not hungry?
After you have eaten more than you need, do you not feel feverish, or sleepy, and like crying?
How often do you have a headache, or a cold?
Do you get angry and impatient with your playmates?
After giving way to unkind feelings, do you not feel sad and regretful? Do you think the angels love to look upon you when you are angry or unkind?
Do you ever say anything that is unkind?
Do you want anybody to be untruthful and unkind to you?

Lake Group.

No. 4.—SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, LILAC.]

In this class the following subjects are deemed appropriate:

The external senses: Their number and offices.

Their relation to the world without: Light, odors, flavors, sounds, substances.

The internal senses: Their number and relation to the world within. Each Love in the spirit is a distinct sense: it sees, hears, smells, tastes, and touches.

Show how these internal senses, like the outer senses, are sometimes mistaken, as illustrated in sympathies, antipathies, likes, and prejudices.

What odor do you most love to smell?

What sound is most pleasant to your ear?

What object is most agreeable to your sight?

What flavor do you most love to taste?

What substance do you love to touch?

Would you love to be led by the hand of an angel?

The beautiful works and ways of the Father and Mother are revealed to the eyes of the pure in heart. "The pure in heart shall see God." The pure soul is filled with faith in the triumph of truth.

Sea Group.

No. 5.—EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, YELLOW.]

Under this head the following subjects may be presented:

Mission of childhood in the home.
Culture of love and benevolence between brothers and sisters.
Love of mother and father.
Justice to Woman: Her divinity and maternity.
Mothers' intuition, duties, and responsibilities.
Fathers' industry and external guardianship.
Home is the sweetest and best spot on earth.
Suppose some friend of yours should get angry with you, and throw a stone at you, should you yield to the temptation to be offended and throw stones in return?
What is a real prayer?
Do the angels in the Summer-Land ever answer the prayers of true hearts?
What is true obedience to your parents?
Do you behold the love of God in the tenderness of those who love and cherish you?
Do you love those who work to provide you with home and food and raiment?
Will you not be truthful and faithful to what you believe to be Right?
Good angels will attend you when you are good.

Ocean Group.

No. 6.—NINE YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, PURPLE.]

Under this head the following subjects are deemed appropriate:

The Unity of God and Nature with Mankind: The paternity of God and the maternity of Nature.
Brotherhood: Sympathy with suffering and sorrow.
Philanthropy: Pity, faith in man, and practical charity.
Incarnation of divine ideas and principles in men and angels.
Do you like to behold the works of God?
Is God the *father* of your spirit?
Do you find in your heart much love for Nature as your *mother?*
Would you transgress any known law of God and Nature?
Do you sometimes dream of seeing heaven and beautiful angels?
Did you ever think that beautiful *forms* are expressions of love and wisdom?
Do anger and ignorance ever look beautiful?
Are you not most happy when feeling kindly and lovingly toward those about you?
Do not the highest angels love most wisely and steadfastly?

Shore Group.

No. 7.—TEN YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge,* GREEN.]

Under this heading the following subjects are suggested:

The natural body and the spiritual body.
What is Sensation?
What is Sentiment?
What is Principle?
Physiological facts in the human body.
Uses and abuses of the psychological laws.
Effects of powerful preachers at revival meetings.
Difference between true and false ideas of God on the characters and institutions of men.
What is the brain, and how does it act?
The brain is supplied with blood from the heart: Where does the heart get it? The lungs supply the heart: Where do the lungs get their blood? The stomach prepares the materials from which blood is made: What are those materials? (Here the Leader can introduce important lessons on the laws of life and health.)
Do you not love to think beautiful thoughts?
Are you not unhappy when afflicted with disease?
Do you not love to think of God as a Father and Nature as a Mother?
Are you not attracted by what is God-like and Natural?

Beacon Group.

No. 8.—ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, BLUE.]

Under this head the following subjects may be proposed:

The rights of conscience in matters of religion.

Revelations of Nature through arts, sciences, philosophy, and spirituality.

Compare natural truths with the teachings of the Testaments.

Test all written revelations by the laws and developments of Nature and Reason.

What meaning do you attach to the word, "Conscience"?

Suppose you don't mind the still, small voice of Conscience, what feelings do you have?

Suppose you violate your honor, or tell what you know is not true, what is your feeling?

What is meant by the word "Revelation"? (That which is concealed is not *revealed.*)

You know that Nature never falsifies or misleads. Her tides and sunshine and seasons are certain, like her laws. Will you not correctly inform your reason what is and what is not true in the doctrines and creeds of men?

Did not Jesus and other good teachers point mankind to God through Nature?

Banner Group.

No. 9.—TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, CRIMSON.]

Under this head the following subjects are suggested:

The utility, dignity, and divinity of Labor.
God and Nature incessantly work.
Justice and love between employer and the employed.
Duties and employments: Secular and sacred labors.
Prayers—spontaneous and formal.
End of secular or evil days: Holiness of all times and places.
Duty of cheerfulness: Devotion to honorable and healthful labor.
What kind of labor do you like?
Are you fond of idleness when not at play?
What kind of play is most attractive to you?
Do you not love to be usefully employed?
What is justice between man and man?
What is the penalty of injustice?
Do not all good men *act* as well as pray?
Which is the best form of prayer: to *wish* to be good and true and beautiful, or to *live* every day as well as you can, always aspiring to be like the angels of love and wisdom?

Star Group.

No. 10.—THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, AZURE.]

Under this head the following subjects may be presented:

Integral power to control habits, and to overcome hereditary evils and abounding discords.

Physical subordination rewarded with perpetual health and cheerfulness.
Moral rectitude as a cause of energy and fearlessness.
Conscientiousness: A veneration for truth.
Aspiration: A desire for spiritual goodness and greatness.
Are you disposed to impatience and anger?
Is the feeling of anger ever a source of happiness?
Do you realize the power of spirit within your body?
Have you *faith* in the power of love to conquer unkindness?
When you do what you believe is right, do you not *feel* strong and noble?
What is your definition of Wrong?
Which is best—Truth, or Error?
Which is most sensible—a body of Discord, or a soul of Harmony?

Excelsior Group.

No. 11.—FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, VIOLET.]

Under this head the following subjects are suggested:

Genesis and organization of the human spirit.
The nature of distinct personal consciousness: What does it mean? What does it teach?

Self-preservation by Wisdom and self-restoration by Will.
Intuitions of and reasons for Immortality.
Intercourse with the inhabitants of the Summer-Land.
Different degrees of progress in the next life: Guardian angels.
Facts, incidents, and illustrations of the uses and abuses of converse with the departed.
Which is first, the body, or the soul?
Do you realize that you have two degrees of life—one of the body, the other of the spirit?
Do you not feel the love of heaven in your heart—that is, the love of Peace and Harmony?
What is Truth? Do you love Truth? Do you ever yield to the weakness of uttering what is not true?

Liberty Group.

No. 12.—FIFTEEN YEARS AND UPWARDS.

[*Color of Badge*, WHITE.]

Under this head the following subjects may be presented:

Freedom—universal and individual.
Individual integrity and social virtue.
The true marriage relation.
Reverence for Childhood as a type of the Spirit's eternal youthfulness.

Youthful feelings and noble thoughts in adults: The reward of obedience to laws and conditions, corporeal and spiritual.
Universality of Truth: The inspiration of Genius.
Prophetic ideas and eloquent intuitions.
Loving-Justice: the world's true Savior.
Progress an Apotheosis of Humanity.

[The scale of titles, colors, and their significance, in LYCEUM No. 2, on the following page, will convey an idea of the *extent* and the *variety* of which the plan of the Lyceum is capable. The fine distinctions and divisions in the colors are in correspondence with fine distinctions and fractions in the notes of music.]

The Scale of Groups and Colors in Lyceum No. 2.

Numbers of the GROUPS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Titles of the GROUPS.	Aurora GROUP	Valley GROUP	Carol GROUP	Floral GROUP	Glen GROUP	Garland GROUP	Grotto GROUP	Sylvan GROUP	Vesper GROUP	Mountain GROUP	Evangel GROUP	Temple GROUP
Ages of Members.	4 Years.	5 Years.	6 Years.	7 Years.	8 Years.	9 Years.	10 Years.	11 Years.	12 Years.	13 Years.	14 Years.	15 Years.
Colors of the Badges.	Rose.	Em'r'ld Green.	Light Purple.	Rich Buff.	Slate.	Pink.	Deep Azure.	Deep Purple.	Light Bronze.	Ruddy Maroon	Bluish-White.	Rosy-White.
Language of the Colors.	Dawning Emotions	Wants and Needs.	Health & Prosperity.	Truth & Friendship.	Awakening Aspirations	Generosity and Ambition	Hidden Excellence.	Interior Riches.	Purity & Fidelity.	Outward Progress	Interior Life.	Spiritual Victory.

CONCERNING THE CONDUCT OF GROUPS.

Names of Groups in Lyceum No. 2.

Aurora Group.

No. 1.—UNDER FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, ROSE.]

The principle of the Lyceum Method, as defined on other pages, is the training and unfolding of the infant spirit, "as the gardener trains his plants or cultivates his flowers." Aurora Group, which corresponds to Fountain Group, is a starting-place for the Leader, under the warmth and sunlight of a watchful sympathy, to *bring a child from within outwards.* "Children," says a true teacher, "begin with loving others quite as intensely as they love themselves—forgetting themselves in their love for others—if they only have as fair a chance of being benevo-

lent and self-sacrificing as of being selfish. Sympathy is as much a natural instinct as self-love, and no more or less innocent, in a moral point of view. Either principle alone makes an ugly and depraved form of natural character. Balanced, they give the element of happiness, and the conditions of spiritual goodness and truth, making children fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in."

Experience proves that in the Primary Groups, the tender spirit is responsive to gentle love and enveloping sympathy, first of all from the Leader. Under such warming influence the infant mind awakens with gladness to lessons in morals, music, marches, healthful motions, and, in fact, to all that is interesting to persons more fully developed.

Valley Group.

No. 2.—UNDER FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge,* EMERALD GEEEN.]

The Leader of this Group has frequently taught the members their "A, B, C's," from a prettily printed card-board, and then, by showing them pictures of birds and animals, she has interested them deeply in "the works

of God." The lessons given in Stream Group are always applicable; but the progress of the children, of this tender age, depends almost wholly upon the hovering love of the Leader. Tickets of merit, and little tokens of affection, should be bestowed. The members of this Group have given some of the most remarkable answers to lessons.

Carol Group.

No. 3.—UNDER SIX YEARS.

[*Color of Badge*, LIGHT PURPLE.]

This Group holds relation to the world of song. Gathered in a semi-circle around their Leader, they are taught to read the words of songs, or instructive lessons in verse, which they can sing, with piano-forte accompaniment, when at home, or in chorus with the Lyceum. Pictures and illustrations from the vegetable and animal kingdoms never fail to interest and instruct children of this age. You will find simple rhymes and pretty verses in the Repository of Brief Lessons.

Floral Group.

No. 4.—SEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, RICH BUFF.]

Children in this Group will give their whole attention to stories—simple, brief, free from theological taint—imparting a moral lesson for control of the temper and the conduct of life. The pictures in "Pilgrim's Progress" have no more interest for a child, than the wood-cut illustrations in "Robinson Crusoe." Books impart good moral lessons, if the Leader can put them in a few pleasing sentences, adapted to the imagination and understanding of the youthful mind. Tickets of merit should be given to members when attentive to conversation, and kind in their treatment of each other.

Glen Group.

No. 5.—EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, SLATE.]

Whispering during the conversational session, except to promote the interest of the subject under consideration, ought not to be permitted in any of the Groups above the third in the scale. The nature and tendency

of *habits* and *practices* may be introduced to children of this age. This is the time to impress the youthful memory with rules of bodily life and health. The child's spiritual demands are thus fed, because true religion begins with *justice* to the personal existence—obedience to the laws of body, soul, and spirit.

Garland Group.

No. 6.—NINE YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, PINK.]

Singing is natural to everything born with a tongue. A taste for pure and beautiful music cannot be too soon cultivated in the affections. The lasting roots of spiritual truth strike far down into the soul of the child gifted in music. At the age of children in this Group, little Henry Perry, in one of the churches in Paris, three years ago, composed a mass in music, whereby was manifested an extraordinary genius, susceptible to the ministrations of invisible musical intelligences.

Grotto Group.

No. 7.—TEN YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, DEEP AZURE.]

At this age children are usually quick in

perception, and fond of variety and excitement. A child, at this stage, will say and sing what he feels. Therefore, the Leader should give attention to those lessons which shall exert a perpetual influence for good upon the future of the child's mind, morals, and social affections—cheerful, beautiful, buoyant! The child-mind is becoming individualized. At this point the Leader will breathe the divine spirit of charity; teach, by reference to "lives of good men," in biography, the beauty and victory of the nobler attributes.

Sylvan Group.

No. 8.—ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge,* DEEP PURPLE.]

Large-brained, quick-eyed, and precocious intellects, are likely to appear in this Group. The Leader will find the life of the child hidden beneath much that is common and premature. The children of educated parents are, at this age, intelligent and full of nervous animation in their manners. They are interested in light literature—such as novels, romantic adventures, biographical tales, &c.

The Leader feels much solicitude at first; but after a few weeks, the members become attached socially, love pervades the Group, and all begin to take deep interest in the proceedings of the Lyceum, and in the meaning of the lessons.

Vesper Group.

No. 9.—TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, LIGHT BRONZE.]

This Group, like the one next above and below it, is a receptacle for minds in very different degrees of growth and education. Some of the members will indicate intelligence and education far beyond their years; while others, who classify as to age in this Group, will show indifference and backwardness more consistent with much younger children. The Leader, in most cases, will make progress by proposing, through the Conductor or Guardian, to so classify the members as to procure more equality in disposition and mind. In these Groups, between eleven and fifteen years, children may be grouped with reference to their tastes and degree of culture. *Years* do not now very plainly indicate the proper position for the members.

Mountain Group.

No. 10.—THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, RUDDY MAROON.]

All æsthetic philosophers teach that music is soothing, refining, and morally beneficial to mankind. It is said in story that Orpheus charmed the rivers so that they forgot to run, the birds so they could not sing, and the trees so that they ceased rustling their leaves: all that they might the better listen to his sweet singing! The moral of this is, that music, either vocal or instrumental, exerts the highest spiritualizing influence on human nature. In this Group, belonging as the members do to the mountains of truth, music, sweet and sacred, ought to be particularly cultivated. A sublime rhythm can be detected in *colors* as well as in words and sounds. "Company," says Mr. Alcott, "conversation, exercise, amusements, are foremost studies in the lively university whence our children graduate, getting here the best part of their discipline; which is liable, of course, like all free things, to be perverted to uses the worst. Society—the power of persons and spells of company, the

giving and taking of conversation, the fine commerce of personal qualities and gifts—in fine, an exhalation of life itself; this is to youth a surprise, an ecstacy of surprises, and charming from its novelty. Especially are these the more potent in swaying the roving fancy, just coming out of its childhood, and entering the intermediate state, half way between the child and the man or woman."

Evangel Group.

No. 11.—FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

[*Color of Badge*, BLUISH WHITE.]

This Group is full of boys, and about the same number of girls compose the corresponding Group in Lyceum No. 1. Considerable interest in many fine topics has been awakened by their Leaders. It was proposed and adopted that a kind of young people's "Literary Circle" should be organized, to meet once a fortnight, in the drawing-room of some friendly home; each member to be required (as a part of the terms of membership to read before the Circle an original composition, or recite from memory some selection in prose or verse, or to do or say

something promotive of literary taste and culture. The first part of the evening is given to these higher interests, after which charades, parlor tableaux, innocent sports, and recreative amusements, in which all can participate; and then, at a yet early hour, all return to their city homes socially refreshed and mentally benefited. Artists, orators, poets, authors, singers, speakers, and superior gymnasts may be found in these higher Groups. From these classes we look for future Officers and Leaders, and expect noble men and women qualified to teach mankind the gospel of progress.

Temple Group.

No. 12.—FIFTEEN YEARS AND UPWARDS.

[*Color of Badge*, ROSY WHITE.]

The last Group (already having one duplicate) is the highest in the scale, and is the class from which it is but reasonable to look for *graduates*. Liberty Group, which is the counterpart to this, has done something toward keeping our corps of Leaders recruited. The expression, "fifteen years and upwards," is construed to include all between the ages of

fifteen and twenty-five; thus we obtain persons for Leaders who have become fully acquainted with the Lyceum proceedings in detail. These senior Groups have from the first added much interest and strength to the school; and yet the members are less likely than younger minds to respond freely to the questions and Silver-Chain Recitations. The topics suitable to the graduating Groups are contained in the whole list of lessons. Highest minds are, in their gentleness and humility, cultured in the least and most primary truths.

Public Sessions of Groups.

HOW TO CONDUCT THEM.

Introductory Remarks.

☞ The design of this little Manual is to present a complete system for the organization and drill of a Progressive School. As soon as the Conductor, his associate Officers, and the Leaders of the Groups, become practically acquainted with the *details* of a regular session of the Lyceum, they will find the proceedings not only easy and instructive, but spiritually rejuvenating and delightful to the highest faculties of spirit. With patience, with gentle kindness toward

disorderly little ones, and with yet other virtues, the Leaders should be richly supplied. After a few weeks, if you be truly faithful in your attendance, and systematic in your kindness and lessons, your reward will begin to appear, and in due time you will become immensely *rich* in the fruits of love and righteousness.

☞ The following programme is, after over two years of inspiration and varied experience, adopted as the most practical and complete. We do not, however, deem the Order perfect, and do not regard it as obligatory, because circumstances may render it necessary either to *increase* some of the exercises on certain Sundays, and to correspondingly reduce, or to altogether omit, other parts of the programme, so that the whole session may not be over two hours in duration.

☞ Whispering, except concerning the lessons or other matters pertaining to the regular proceedings of Groups, is *prohibited;* and children should be kindly counseled and admonished *not to bring playthings* with them; but to give their souls and all the interests of their hearts to the benefits of the beautiful Lyceum.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Part First.

1. *Groups assemble.* The children should take the same places in the Group from Sunday to Sunday: the Leader as near the center of the class as possible.

2. *Leaders take the names of new members, and issue to them tickets of membership.* The Guardian, or her assistant, will convey these tickets to the Leaders. Leader's name should be written on each card.

3. *Leaders and members append badges.** Officers should put on their badges *before* the School is called to order. ☞ Sometimes we do not distribute badges to the Groups; especially if there has been *time lost* from lack of punctuality on part of Leaders and members. This deprivation is quite "a trial" to the little ones, and even older persons do not escape from the feeling of *penalty;* and the effect is to secure prompt attendance and better discipline. No army wants to be deprived of its *colors.*

4. *Leaders return books to the Library.*

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* Members may invite their young acquaintances to accompany them to the Lyceum, and the Leaders will welcome such guests, and permit them to sit in the Group, and march, and participate in all the exercises, for only *one* Sunday. But such visitors, not being duly admitted members, cannot receive cards, nor wear badges of distinction, nor receive from the Library any books or pamphlets.

☞ During the past year we have adopted a rule of much advantage to all, viz: to receive in and give out Library books only twice per month, on every alternate Sunday. This plan saves time for other exercises, and it is better for children not to acquire the habit of too rapid reading.

Part Second.

1. *All will now engage in singing.* The Musical Director is expected to select and announce the song or songs, giving the name thereof, and the page where it may be found. Also he or she will lead in singing. Children require the sustaining voice of an adult.

2. *Silver-Chain Recitations.* The Conductor, or the Guardian, will select the pieces and lead in this beautiful exercise. ☞ Sometimes it is well to invite a little boy or girl to ascend the platform and lead in the recitation.

3. *Rise and form in rank for the wing movements.* (For full order and description of these and other movements, see Directions, &c. on another page.)

4. *Members return to stations.* ☞ Make as little noise as possible, and avoid all discourtesy; be polite and gentle one toward another.

Part Third.

1. *Leaders and members will now engage in conversation on the lessons.* (Continue from fifteen to twenty minutes.) Guardian, or her Assistant, will now visit each Group, and hand the Leader "tickets of merit." (See directions elsewhere.)

2. *Leaders give out new lessons for next Sunday.* ☞ If the Group is especially interested in the subject, the Leader may give out the same lesson, and continue the conversation on the following Sunday, or longer, if the members remain interested.

4. *Singing and Recitations.* ☞ Members may now rise in their Groups, facing the Conductor's stand. If the Library is open to-day, Leaders will select books while the School is singing and reciting. Leaders will hasten back to their Groups, consuming as little time in the choice of books as possible.

4. *Leaders and members remove badges,*

and return boxes to the Conductor's stand. The Assistant Guardian, or one of the Guards, can receive the badge-boxes as the children return them.

5. *Remove targets.* ☞ As a reward of merit, for good behavior, &c., Leaders will designate which one of the Group shall *this day* join the target procession. The children with their targets will *form in rank,* in one of the aisles between the Groups. *Music.* The little juvenile company should carry the targets in a soldier-like manner. *Mark time. March.* This picturesque procession, after one or two counter-marches around the hall, will proceed to the Conductor's stand, on the right side, deposit the targets one upon the other, and return each to his or her own Group.

Part Fourth.

1. *Groups rise and form in rank.* ☞ The place of each Leader is at the rear of his or her Group. The Guardian, in all cases, carrying the chief flag, leads at the head of the highest Group. Tallest member in front, so that each Group will appear in regularly descend-

ing line. If there be another Lyceum on the same floor, the Assistant Guardian should, with a large flag, march at its head: the duplicate organization always following the original or first Lyceum.

2. *Music.* *Beat time*, softly, throughout the School. ☞ Assume erect positions. Shoulders back; feet together; right hand and arm free; using the left hand and arm for carrying books, &c. The piano, with a triangle accompaniment, is adapted to marches.

3. *March.* ☞ Let the directions and varieties of the marchings be determined by the Conductor, or by his Assistant, or at the discretion of the Guardian. Members will take flags in the right hand in passing the Conductor's stand. One of the Guards will take a position near the banner-chest, and hand a silk flag to each Leader as he or she is passing. Hold the flag-staff in the right hand, as one would hold a pen. Carry the flag, when you first receive it, at the shoulder.

4. *Raise flags.* Seize the flag-staff with the left hand, carry it up and grasp the lower end with the right hand, holding it at the palm. Leaders obey this order same as members.

Several minutes may be appropriated to the marching. Singing while marching is a beautiful exercise.

5. *Deliver flags.* The whole Lyceum will now pass the Conductor's stand, and, at a signal from him, deliver the flags in the banner-chest left open for the purpose. The Guard will receive the silk flags from the hands of Leaders, roll them up, and deposit them with the others in the chest.

6. *Parting Words.* The lines, by counter-marchings, will now gather closely in the open space in front of the Conductor's stand. All the Officers together. The singing of some brief spiritual song is now in order. Or, as an educational exercise, which should leave the highest impression on the feelings, it is suggested that, while the Lyceum is thus gathered into one compact family, facing the Conductor's desk, all repeat, with distinct but subdued pronunciation, in accordance with the Silver-Chain rule, a passage of *devotional* prose or poetry. It should be free from theological taint—purely spiritual and reverential. Let the whole School recite the passage, again

and again if necessary, so that every spirit may be harmonized and chastened.

7. *Adjournment.* ☞ The Guards will now perform their duty in the ante-room, keeping order, &c.—firmly, but with the utmost kindness—while the children are finding their clothing and departing to their homes.

NOTE.—This entire programme, lengthy and complicated as it may seem, will consume less than two hours, and will be a perpetual feast of the beautiful things of truth, as soon as the Officers and Leaders become truly interested, prompt to duty, and acquainted with the progressive details of the session. About thirty minutes are usually given to each of the *four parts* into which the "Order of Exercises" is divided for purposes of system.

Synopsis of Order of Exercises.

TO OFFICERS AND LEADERS: ☞ The *italicized* words are words of announcement and command used by the Conductor. The others are explanatory

☞ As a rule always to be observed, in order to secure uniformity and precision of action, commands of two or more words should not be executed until the last word is pronounced by the Conductor. Thus, in "*Fold arms,*" when *Fold* is pronounced, let each member prepare for folding, but actually fold them only when the word *Arms* is given.

Part First.

1. *Groups, assemble.*
2. *Leaders, take the names of new members, and issue to them tickets of membership.*
3. *Append badges.*
4. *Return books to the library.*

Part Second.

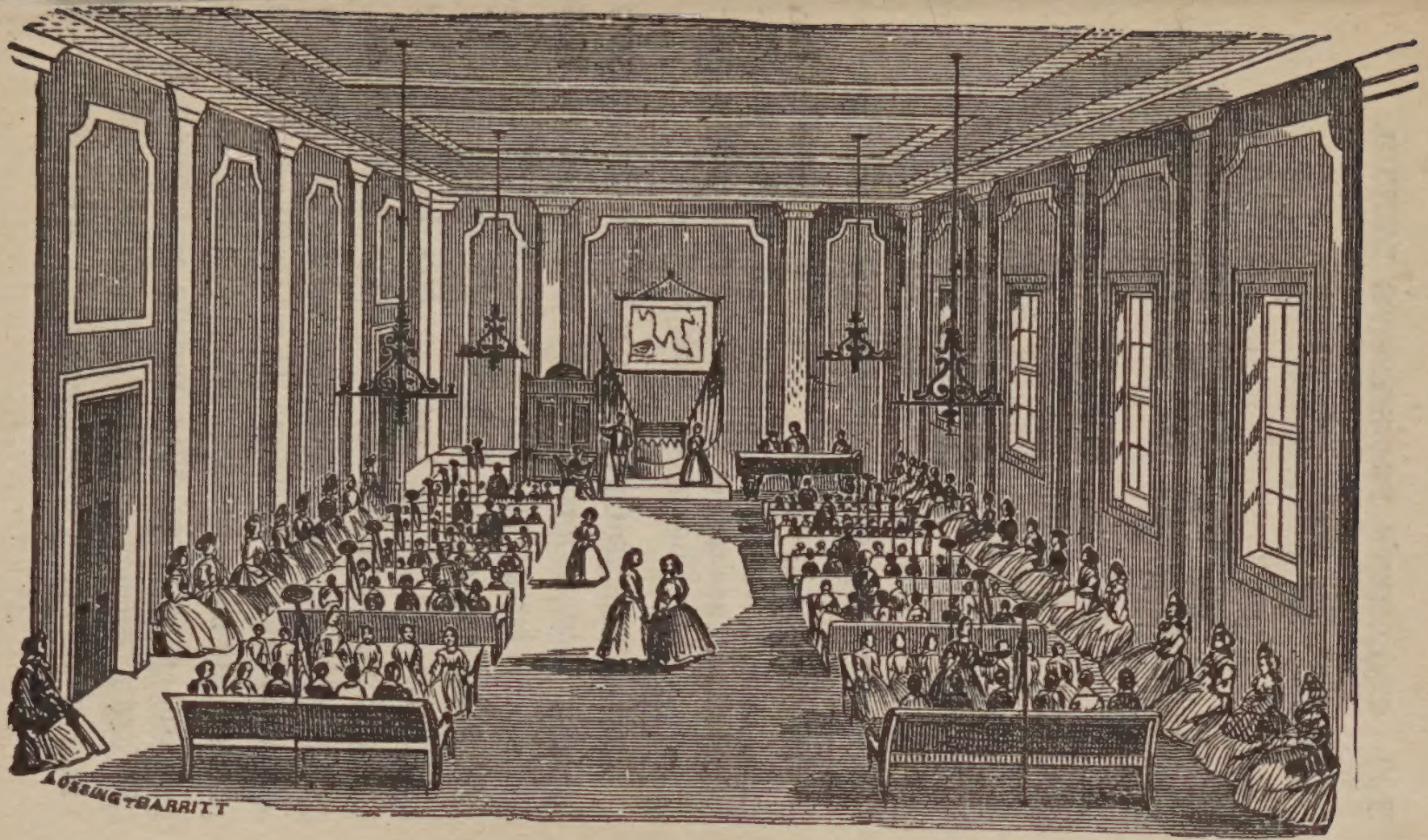
1. *Singing.*
2. *Silver-Chain Recitations.*
3. *Wing Movements.*
4. *All return to their seats.*

Part Third.

1. *Conversation on the lessons, in a low voice; all affectionately hovering with gentleness about their Leaders.*
2. *Give out new lessons.*
3. *Singing and Recitations.*
4. *Remove badges.*
5. *Remove targets.*

Part Fourth.

1. *Rise and form in rank.*
2. *Music. Beat time. March.*
3. *Take flags, marching.*
4. *Deliver flags.*
5. *Song, or Recitation.*
6. *Adjournment.*


A.OSSING+BARRITT

Some account of Lyceum Scenes

IN THE

SUMMER-LAND.

The Spandogatta.

[The following remarks by the Conductor of the New York Lyceum, contain practical suggestions relative to marches and evolutions, by children, on public occasions. Phonographically reported.]

LEADERS AND CHILDREN: I wish to address you a few moments with reference to this beautiful occasion. This day [December 20th, 1863,] was appointed for the reception of Lyceum No. 2 by Lyceum No. 1; the latter being the parent and senior Association, having been in existence and in full blossom several months before the Duplicates were ready for the present graduation.

The object of this public reception is to imitate, though crudely, a glorious procession and a celestial example given frequently by

the beautiful Lyceums that hold their sessions in the Summer-Land.

You have all heard, doubtless, of the "Zellabingen Association." [This Association is described in "Morning Lectures" by the compiler of this Manual.] It is one of the most classical, progressive, and musical brotherhoods in the home-land of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. It is composed of hundreds of thousands,—yea, millions of Lyceums, of twelve Groups each, all full of beautiful and happy children who died out of earthly homes—gone from earthly parents to live with higher beings. Hundreds leave New York for the supernal life every month, and thus all the great cities of earth are annually giving off their thousands and tens of thousands of little ones.

There are harmonious Groups prepared in the heavens for all these young and tender minds. They enter the appropriate stations soon after stepping on the beautiful purple landscapes of the Summer-Land, even as you who congregate in this assemblage come up the flight of stairs out of the streets, and voluntarily enter your stations.

Children from earth have their true inner names recorded in the affections of their vigilant guardians, as well as in the more external book of truth, which each celestial Leader possesses and explains. They, too, wear badges; they also carry banners. They live in the beauty and meaning of their symbols—that is to say, they dwell perpetually *in the life* of the motions, badges, and banners, with which they are associated. We, unhappily, are not so far advanced in truth and beauty. We are, as yet, only in the forms of the symbols, having little or no perception and enjoyment of their inner life.

The Zellabingen Brotherhood frequently receives newly graduated and grouped youthful associations which we call Lyceums. These new-born celestial companies are received as are gladly-welcomed strangers, who are for the first time visiting the Eternal Land of harmony, and beauty, and truth, and progress. They are appropriately received and welcomed by marching through what is there called the "Spandogatta."

Spandogatta signifies and illustrates the labyrinthine and flower-encircled archways

of affection. It presents a multifoliated margin to a rosy path or arched avenue, which we can but crudely imitate and represent by making an arcade of our unfurled banners. We shall this day attempt to illustrate, by each Leader and each member of Lyceum No. 1, holding the national flag, arched in front, in two columns of equal length facing each other, the beautiful "Spandogatta," which, on similar occasions, may be seen extending leagues through purple landscapes and charming sylvan scenes in the Summer-Land. Through this celestial vista of inexpressible attractiveness and incomparable beauty—filled with healing fragrances and innumerable charms for the young—the newly-graduated Lyceum marches, holding up the left hand near the breast with outward palm, presenting it as the unvailed countenance—meaning, "I show the angels the *face* of my heart." Thus the left hand held up and open, and near or over the heart, with the white palm out, while passing through the banner-decorated archway, is a sign of fidelity to truth, a pledge of the invisible spirit to the hundreds of hearts of affection which throb along the avenues through which they march.

The Spandogatta, unfortunately for earth, can be represented by our Lyceums only in this very crude and unsatisfactory style; and yet, filled with the conviction that there is a glorious celestial significance in what you do, you may possibly hold the staff of your banners with tenfold more ennobling emotions than though it was a mere performance and an empty parade, as in the discipline of a public school. In all these things, remember, we mean *much*, yea, MORE than any one can yet conceive. High principles are embodied and set forth in many of the badges and symbols which we employ from week to week.

The Zellabingen Association, as I have said, is a beautiful congregation of fraternized and affiliated Lyceums. They embrace in number many times the population of this whole planet—spreading over millions upon millions of what we call "acres," in the Land of immortal purity and loveliness. They are visible to each other as constellations in the heavens are visible to our eyes. Far distant through the landscape you will see innumerable points of light and glittering bodies, shining like clustered stars beautifully grouped

In the bending firmament. Drawing nearer, you would think they are gemmed cities of the sun; but approached very near, they are at once discovered to be "Progressive Lyceums," either in session or else marching and chanting some one or another of their many beautiful and musical processions.

The most charming and labyrinthine of the many vistas, which open upon the effulgent center of the Zellabingen Association, comes winding through the rosy landscape from the far west; and the name of this most beautiful of all the vistas, which so leads and expandingly opens, is called "Heliolia," signifying the "Radiant Archway"—the buena vista of immortal light and purity.

From the gentle slopes of the purple mountains which adorn the landscape to the east of the beautiful Association, come down innumerable singers, known as the "Akrocelumni" —*akro* being the word for mountain, and *coeli* meaning celestial students, or singers of the heavenly mountains. These truly wise and harmonious singers form in line and march down from those many-hilled mountains of incomparable loveliness. They are

not high, rough, rocky, and peaked, like our earthly mountains, but are like crystallized billows—fixed and fertile waves of a sea not troubled—being gracefully disposed eminences and musical undulations in the atomic formation of the Summer-Land. They always seem to be boundless and forever rising in the air—hills of purple verdure upon hills of still finer loveliness, instead of "Alps upon Alps," as we find in the geography of our globe. They can be surmounted by those who long to explore their inexhaustible riches. Near the country of the Zellabingens there are many very beautiful eminences, crowned with multifarious flowering trees and fragrant shrubs, in variety too numerous to count, but opening always upon still more celestial scenes and far grander charms to those who have purity of heart. Those who have not heart-goodness—*i. e.*, God-purity in spirit—are just as the same unhappy class are in this world, seeing no beauty in beautiful things, because they are out of spirit, and, therefore, "out of tune" with what is really harmonious, celestial, and heavenly.

To the south of the country of the Zella-

bingen Associationists is an attractive congregation of amber-colored hills called "Celaya," meaning the transparent substance of Pure Affection.

Beautiful, fragrant trees are throbbing with the melodious notes of singing-birds. Moss-carpeted paths and purling streams of many voices are visible among those amber hills of the sun—the whole sweeping off into a vast distance toward the south—and each, as far as observation can reach, is crowned with grouped brotherhoods or classical associations not much unlike our Lyceums.

Great and memorable days or seasons are frequent among the different fraternities. When they visit each other, it is as though this Lyceum was to receive a visitation from a corresponding association located in Philadelphia, or Bridgeport, or Springfield, or Portland, or Boston, or in some yet more distant city—a brother Lyceum coming to visit us, and, perhaps, to remain henceforth in our association, to enjoy with us the long-lived joys which we are constantly developing by the ever-varying progression of our different groups.

There is also in the Summer-Land an association, which is almost as numerous in Leaders and members as the Zellabingen, called the "DOLTHOSTADT." It signifies the "Society of Truth-Probers," or Truth-Seekers, as we ordinarily express it. This is one of the most beautiful, philosophical, and contemplative Lyceums that has ever come under my observation. I saw it first in 1854, while delivering a course of lectures in the city of Auburn, N. Y. Subsequently I obtained a far more interesting, intimate, and satisfactory observation of it while in Chateau Avenue, in the city of St. Louis—in the second story of the hospitable home of a friend—where I gladly gave one whole forenoon to delightful clairvoyant observations of that immortal Brotherhood of affection and friendship and truth. "Truth" is their motto, and it is the golden object of each mind. It corresponds to "TEMPLE GROUP" in our Lyceum No. 2. Suppose our Temple Group should be duplicated or multiplied many millions of times—expanding and locating itself throughout all the cities of the world—it would be like unto the "Dolthostadt, *i. e.*, the *Truth-*

Seekers; and its members would be known as the "mountaineers of Light," or the master-builders of Truth's immortal temple. In the marchings they would sing,

"From searching for Truth we will never turn back;
To the mountain's far hight we will follow the track;
With hand joined in hand, and with step firm and strong,
We will strike for the Right, and be marching along."

This noble hymn is truly expressive of the most interior sentiment actuating that Brotherhood of Truth-Probers. These go out upon the northern field of hills for the enjoyment of all their festivities. They have picnics and musical excursions in the Summer-Land as we do here. Members of the Doithostadt fraternity call their favorite northern hills "ARI"—that is to say, the multiplied mountains of Light. From those mountains, also, you can sometimes behold the procession of the beautiful of both sexes, members of the Akrocelumni, approaching like a vast army, carrying perfumed banners and wearing

glittering badges of every imaginable color, and giving each the left-hand sign of "Pure Affection." All members of Lyceums offer to each other, when they meet, the "left-hand of fraternal love," which is more sacred than the "right-hand of good will," as they march harmoniously through the different labyrinthine vistas of the Spandogatta on their way to the Zellabingen heart, of youth, beauty, and harmony.

These celestial things have been seen by many seers over and over again. The esteemed Leader of our Liberty Group, says he has received intelligence recently that a daughter of his, who long since became a dweller in the Summer-Land, is Leader of a class called "Mountain Group;" and although the badge of that group is not like that worn by the members of the corresponding class in this hall, still ours is in harmony with the scale of elementary beauty, which, in full-blossomed ultimates, characterizes the heavenly group.

Now, children and Leaders! here we are faithfully trying, on the low and cold earth, to represent and embody in our progress and

experiences what is easily and musically going on in the uppermost sky. Our intention is to bring at least a fragment of the kingdom of heaven to earth. This physical earth covers impersonal truths; fleeting symbols cover eternal ideas; perishable forms cover indestructible principles.

Even so do I believe this Children's Progressive Lyceum covers many great and glorious principles. It is baptized in an inspiration which is destined to multiply and propagate itself through all parts of civilization. We could not stop this Children's Association if we would. Not all the authoritarians or sectarians in the wide world of dogmas could stop such a truth-born movement as this! The gates of hell (ignorance) shall not prevail against our Children's Zion. I know of nothing that could crush it save the destruction of the planet on which we live—so firmly is it rooted, as it seems to me, in the world's progress. Never before this could it have been adopted. In different degrees and phases it has been foreshadowed in Germany; and also, indistinctly, in the educational methods recently adopted in Switzerland. In

different ages of the old world there has been, from time to time, something in education partially resembling it, like the classes of Conversation about Socrates, or the Academic methods in the wisdom groves of Plato.

But here, in this later day of the world's history, we all come together and teach each other like the happy children of light. We mingle here with the sweet, gushing life of youth. Children gladly meet with children, here in the Groups, and form affectionate and life-long acquaintance and friendship in truth and progress.

To-day Lyceum No. 1, the parent and senior Association, is to receive Lyceum No. 2, the first born of this Mother of Many Saviors. Lyceum No. 2, the child, will live with No. 1, with which it will become duly affiliated; yet it is an independent institution, having its own stations, colors, badges, and banners. It can, therefore, graduate and withdraw, and continue its sessions in any other part of the city, or of the world. It could appoint its own "Guardian of Groups," elect its Chief Officers, &c.; for, in fact, it became an independent regiment, a new Lyceum, when

it received organization from the duplicates. To-day it begins with its own organization

The Conductor, having concluded his remarks as above, ordered the formation of the Archway, in imitation of the Spandogatta. This was accomplished by forming all the Groups of No. 1 in continuous line, and marching them into the broadest aisle, in front of the Conductor's stand. Here the line was divided into two equal lengths, and so placed that each faced the other, leaving just enough space between for the passage of Lyceum No. 2, when it should march in with banners and new badges from the ante-room, where it was being formed and equipped for the procession. Each Leader and member of No. 1 held a flag inclined to the front, just above the heads of the children and their Leaders, who were immediately to march between the facing columns.

The passage thus formed, and decorated with the pendent stars and stripes, was very beautiful. "Marching Along" was now played on the piano and violin, and the "Song of Welcome" was sung by those who formed the Spandogatta. At this moment the new Lyceum marched in, led by the "Guardian of the Groups," who now leads the twenty-four classes when in continuous procession. They entered the Archway, each with his or her left hand laid against the left breast, palm out and open, and all

joining in the grand chorus of the welcoming song.

After marching to and fro through this flag-decorated aisle, No. 2 formed a similar arch, and No. 1 in continuous line marched back and forth, both Lyceums still singing with full chorus.

Succeeding these came the Silver-Chain marches, capable of numerous varieties, which were greatly admired by the spectators. These movements are designed to represent the interlocking of friendship and true affection. They are accomplished by the Leaders and members of one Lyceum standing, facing the same way, spaced apart about three feet; through these spaces the other Lyceum, in continuous line, marches with banners; then this line is halted and spaced, and the other forms a line and marches in the opposite direction. The significance and fascinating beauty of these Silver-Chain marches become more and more apparent the better they are executed.

These exercises concluded, the Groups returned to their respective stations, and commenced the consideration of Lessons given out the Sunday previous. A holy influence now pervaded the classes, to which almost every member was impressible, and it continued through all the subsequent proceedings, which concluded by singing beautiful songs, and recitations on the Silver-Chain principle.

Thus, the holy work of culturing the spirits of children is progressing! May friends of progress everywhere awake to the glory of giving the right direction to the feelings and thoughts of youth.

What Lyceum Girls and Boys Can Do.

ANTI-TOBACCO ARMY.

A glorious work is going forward among the young people in New York. It is a reform in which old and young, male and female, take an equal interest. This reform is nothing less than *a war against the use of tobacco in all its forms.* The work began about eighteen months ago, in the Children's Progressive Lyceum of this city. An Anti-Tobacco Pledge was printed in large letters, put in a beautiful frame, with a thin opening at the bottom, through which dropped the roll bearing the titles of the different Groups, under which the members would themselves sign, and induce as many others to join as possible. Each Group was credited with the exact number

of names which its Leader and members had obtained to the following

Pledge.

Believing that

SMOKING, SNUFFING, AND CHEWING,

are uncleanly, unhealthy, demoralizing, unnecessary, and expensive,

I HEREBY PLEDGE

to abstain from the use of

TOBACCO,

in all its forms,

TOTALLY AND FOREVER.

All who sign the foregoing Pledge are entitled to a Certificate, properly made out and indorsed by the Secretary. This Certificate is beautiful and appropriate in every particular. It is printed in the best style, in three colors; is beautified with a central picture—representing two boys entering a library to enroll themselves in the Anti-Tobacco Army—a handsome border, with appropriate poetical

gems, rendering the Pledge worthy of being framed and hung among the parlor-pictures.*

"In New York city alone," says a journalist, "there are 200,000 smokers, and if each one uses two cigars a day, there are 400,000 used every day. In New York alone there are annually made, it is said, 900,000,000 cigars every year.

"In England there were 33,000,000 pounds consumed in one year, at an expense of £800,000 sterling. The entire world of smokers, snuffers, and chewers, consume annually at least two million tons.

"It is a vile and *filthy* habit. The chewer and the snuff-taker become very filthy. It is debasing and degrading to human nature.

"It is a *dangerous* habit. Tobacco, in every form, deranges the stomach; it injures the muscle and the bone; its smoke mystifies and hardens the brain—makes men stupid and forgetful of their duties.

"It is an *expensive* habit, without any ben-

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* Lyceums at a distance can be furnished with these Certificates at $4 per hundred, with which will be given a number of printed Pledges, at the top of sheets, for obtaining signatures.

efit. One cigar a day, at two cents each, from 15 to 18 years of age, is $21 90; three a day, from 20 to 25, is $164 25. A common smoker, by the time he is 50, will have wasted enough to buy a pretty farm.

"It *stupefies* and makes a man like a Turk. It thins the blood, and makes a robust young man lean and lank, like Pharaoh's lean kine.

"It is a great *waste of time.* A young smoker spends much of his time looking at the curling smoke and dreaming idle dreams, when he should be reading, or doing something useful.

"It leads to *intemperance.* The tastes of a tobacco-user are vitiated and destroyed. He likes strong coffee, fiery condiments and drinks, cayenne pepper, and the like. Pleasant fruits and pure water are tasteless. Young men, with their cigars, must have their bottle, too."

If parents and the friends of youth would encourage the girls and boys, they would institute "Anti-Profanity and Anti-Vulgarity Pledges," and a Temperance Pledge also, all in one, somewhat as follows:

I HEREBY SOLEMNLY PROMISE TO ABSTAIN FROM THE USE OF

Intoxicating Liquors

AS A BEVERAGE;

AND I ALSO HEREBY PROMISE TO ABSTAIN FROM THE USE OF ALL

Vulgar and Profane Language.

Let such a pledge be attractively painted on canvas, then call upon the Lyceum children to sign themselves and obtain signers, and the good work of purification will flourish on every side.

In New York, the Leaders and members of the Groups have entered into this war against the "weed" with much earnestness and even enthusiasm. This work has been carried among newsboys and into families of the highest respectability. The high-salaried clerk and the street-boy, the rich man's son and the city orphan, the genteel cigar-smoker and the vagabond pipe-puffer, the fancy chewer and the nasty chewer, the old-lady snuff-taker and the young girl who "couldn't see no

harm in it," the old man long in slavery to the filthy evil, and his sons, who were "following dad's example"—all have been reached, and many cured, and therefore saved, by the Anti-Tobacco reformers.

Soon after the ball was opened in New York, the Conductor said: "CHILDREN, steps have been taken to have painted an appropriate emblematic banner for the Anti-Tobacco Army. This beautiful banner will be carried on all public processions by the Group credited with the highest number of names to the Pledge."

The effect of this announcement was immediately seen in the energy and persistency of the boys and girls among their city playmates and school acquaintances.

For several successive weeks the Lyceum children *worked* for the advancement of this glorious reform. Meanwhile the beautiful banner, costing *one hundred and twenty dollars*, was painted and mounted in time for the Picnic procession. Just previous to the Picnic, the Conductor announced the credits to the several Groups as follows:

Star Group, - - - - - - -	95
Banner Group, - - - - -	191
Liberty Group, - - - - -	222
Sea Group, - - - - - -	359
Ocean Group, - - - - -	387
Shore Group, - - - - -	443
Other Groups (in all,) - - -	200
Showing a total of - - -	1,897

Eighteen hundred and ninety-seven! persons, young and old, who have enrolled themselves as *enemies of tobacco, in all its forms, "totally and forever."* Three cheers for the brave boys and beautiful girls of the Children's Lyceum! They have embarked in a great and much-needed reformation. May their example be followed by their brothers and sisters throughout Christendom!

When the Conductor announced "Shore Group" as entitled to the honor of carrying the Victor's Banner, the remaining Groups, quickly overcoming all momentary feelings of disappointment, freely shared in the pleasure expressed by the victorious members.

But it is already asked, "Who will carry the Victor's Banner next time?" A delightful feeling of enterprise and ambition has again taken possession of the several Groups.

There will be a great deal of work done to gain the prize for the next public occasion. From what is now going on—so many of the girls and boys are trying to obtain signers to the Anti-Tobacco Pledge—we infer that Shore Group will soon be obliged to yield the beautiful emblem of success which it now bears so triumphantly. The question is, "Which one of the twenty-four Groups will next carry the Anti-Tobacco Banner?"

Arrangement of Targets and Flags for Lyceums.

The following arrangements we find most convenient and beautiful:

The staff of the Target is of pine, six feet long and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter. At the top it is split with a saw-kerf, of the same thickness as the card-board of which the target proper is made, and of a length equal to two-thirds of the shortest diameter of the Target. It is then slipped down into the saw-kerf, and nailed or tacked through with tacks that will clench.

We fix the Targets thus made to the settees,

after these seats are placed facing in order. To fasten them easily, tape is tied and tacked to the staff in two places—one at the bottom of the staff, and one at such hight as matches the hight of the seat's back, and tied thereto at top and bottom.

On one side of the Target-staff is tacked firmly a small silk National Flag, say ten by fifteen inches. This Flag should be placed as high on the staff as its top, which, of course, leaves one-third of the target-board extending above the Flag. (See the adjoining Cut.) That side of the Target *opposite* this little Flag should always face the Conductor's stand, that he may the more readily see it from the platform.

The seats for the Groups are arranged so that the classes may be sufficiently far apart to prevent confusion, or an overhearing of ordinary conversation—the maturer Groups

most distant from, and juvenile Groups nearest to, the Conductor's stand.

Some four or five feet should be left between the lines of settees for the marches, and as it is necessary sometimes to double these columns, perhaps a wider space will be needed.

☞ It will be found next to impossible to establish a "Children's Progressive Lyceum" in any apartment like a "church," where the only seats are "fixed pews," and where other structures (the pulpit, &c.,) cannot be easily moved out of the way. The pews break up and dissipate the divine social sympathy, which is indispensable; and no very interesting proceedings—like the marches, the formation of Groups, &c.—can occur in a hall or church-room where seats are stationary. The Lyceum is a free-born, heavenly institution, and demands external circumstances and a place of meeting in accordance therewith. Friends of Progress in every village and city should provide themselves with a hall—clean, cheerful, elegantly decorated, attractive in proportion, comfortably seated, with first-class ventilation and heating arrangements, and *they should be the sole proprietors.*

Badges for Officers and Leaders.

HOW TO MAKE THEM.

These badges are composed of ribbon, about three-quarters of an inch in width and three-eighths of a yard in length, doubled near the middle so as to form two streamers, and fastened, just below the fold, by a small tinseled ornament, or bright button. The badge is worn throughout the exercises, and on all public festival occasions, pinned on the left breast. Leaders wear a gilt star, from which depend all the colors that have preceded their Group, on the principle the higher forms in Nature contain the elements of the lower or primary forms. For instance, the Leader of Sea Group wears five colors; of Liberty Group, twelve colors; while that of Fountain Group wears but one.

The distinctive color of the Group of course predominates in making the Leaders' badges, while the preceding ones are lapped (single

lengths of ribbon are used for these) underneath from the principal color, becoming shorter as the distance increases, thus forming rays of color, which, in the higher Groups, somewhat resemble in shape a bird's wing.

The Officers, also, wear appropriate badges. The Conductor's badge is a gilt disc, variegated with royal purple, from which depend two velvet ribbons of the same color. The Assistant Conductor wears a similar badge, except that it has a silver disc instead of gilt. The Guardian of the Groups wears a silver disc with azure velvet ribbon. The badge of the Librarian is a gilt and white disc, with green velvet ribbon. That of the Assistant Librarian is a gilt disc variegated with red, the ribbon red silk. The Musical Director's badge is a crimson silk ribbon falling from a disc of silver and green.*

* The compiler of this Manual has recently developed a superior scale of "badges for Officers"—differing from the above, which, from the first, he considered quite imperfect, being adopted simply to identify Officers in the early stages of the institution.

Emblematic Banners.

[The banners are not deemed essential to the growth of the School, but are valuable as teaching and encouraging Art and a love of the Beautiful among young people.]

Besides the National Flag, varying in size according to the age of the children, each Group has a banner, which is emblematic, and used only for festive occasions, excursions, and conventions. These banners are oil landscapes, painted upon a white elliptical ground, which is set in silk of the color distinguishing the Group. They are beautifully mounted, crimson silk cords and tassels at the four corners, and are carried on a handsomely painted staff, about eight feet long.

Thus the banner of the first Group represents a "Fountain" gushing from irregularly massed rocks—indicating the unformed character and impulsiveness of childhood.

2d. An impetuous "Stream" from the fountain, forcing its way through the wildwood—the assertion of will, impatience of restraining obstacles.

3d. A "River" flowing between banks of flowers and bright verdure—the beguilements of childhood.

4th. A clear "Lake," reflecting surrounding objects, white lilies upon the surface, in the distance a mountain amid rose-tinted clouds—innocence and truthfulness of childhood: its first outreachings toward an attractive future.

5th. A troubled "Sea" and uncertain sky—the perplexity of awakened desires, producing discord.

6th. A shoreless "Ocean," dull gray sky, white doves hovering near the upheaving waves—mental activity takes the place of instinctive feeling, and the vagueness of life and its object inspires unrest. The white doves are guardian angels.

7th. A low "Shore," toward which the tide is gladly flowing—the first landmark which the young mind discovers in its effort to solve the problem of life.

8th. A bay, with islands: "Beacon"-lights along the coast—intellectual apprehension becomes an incentive to unfold the faculties.

9th. A youth and maiden kneeling before

the ruins of a temple: "Banners" strewn upon the ground behind them, bearing the mottoes, "Love," "Fame," &c.—awakening of spiritual life, which seeks to be satisfied in religious forms, the spirit of which has departed to vivify higher types.

10th. The morning "Star" standing over the summit of a mountain; the youth and maiden have left the ruined temple, and turn their faces eagerly toward the star, whose undimmed light (Truth,) henceforth allures them.

11th. The youth and maiden ascend the mountain, the maiden in advance, pointing upward; the youth bears a banner, on which is inscribed "Excelsior."

12th. The youth and maiden have descended again to a dark plain; on their brows are coronets of "*Liberty.*" Emancipated from Error, their attitudes express their desire to lead the unhappy inhabitants of the valley upward. The youth points them encouragingly towards the mountain.

Anniversaries, Holidays, Exhibitions, Excursions, and Picnics.

Under divine friendship for each other, and for the advancement of truth, the Officers and Leaders of any Children's Lyceum can easily drill and rehearse the girls and boys to take part on all public occasions.

Anniversary Days should in all cases be publicly celebrated. The first New York Lyceum s Anniversary occurs on the 25th of January, and the second Lyceum on the 20th of December following; but they combine and celebrate both birthdays in one, giving the original Association the full benefit. If our Anniversary occurred on some day in the warm spring or summer-time, we would all take an excursion down the Bay or up the Hudson, and have a festive Picnic—made up of plays, a grove-dinner, music, dancing, singing, innocent rustic sports, addresses by officers or guests, &c., &c. But as we were born in mid-winter, when out-door amusement for a school is wholly inconsistent with

this climate, we have what is termed "An In-door Picnic Dinner," of which the children and their parents and relatives are cordially invited to freely partake.

We accomplish this in our hall by securing the presence and coöperation of Officers, Leaders, and an Executive Committee composed of several ladies and gentlemen. Friends of Progress in the city freely respond to the request for plenty of eatables and wholesome beverages for the festive table. It is a beautiful spectacle—one that will long occupy a green spot in memory—to see two or three hundred little folks, and beautiful youth of both sexes, with their Leaders, all take their places at the tables, at one and the same moment, on receiving a signal from the Conductor. Other tables in the same hall are spread for the friends of the children and for the invited guests. The Leaders take their positions behind their Groups, and thus aid in keeping order along the tables, and assist in furnishing the little folks with foods, drinks, &c.

When the tables (made of boards, laid on temporary supports,) are removed, and the

floor is clear, then music and dancing and other plays are in order. By beginning at nine o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of time for dancing before the tables are prepared for the festive feast. At four o'clock the Guardian, or some young lady chosen for the part, appears, beautifully dressed, in an evergreen Bower—the children having been previously gathered in seats, fronting the stage, guarded by their Leaders. "The Queen of Gifts," as the embowered lady is styled, is attended by two youthful pages, appropriately dressed. They are full of playfulness, and pantomime emotions of wonder and delight, but are very respectful to their Queen, who, without speaking, performs the pleasing office of handing a gift for each member, whose name is immediately called by the Conductor. These gifts redeem the "certificates" (bills) given to children during the year.

How to Obtain and Prepare Gifts.

At the regular Leaders' meeting, at least two or three weeks *prior* to the Anniversary,

each Leader is given money (a certain definite sum being allowed to each member,) sufficient to purchase gifts for each Group. This plan is based on the understanding that each Leader best knows the wants and tastes of his or her members. Some children being fond of books; others wanting wearing apparel; others, toys, pictures, &c. Each Leader is intrusted with discretionary power in making purchases, but is requested to put each child's gift in a separate package, write the member's name, the title of Group, and putting all the gifts in one bundle for each Group, deposit it with the Conductor before the Anniversary Day.

☞ Leaders, in making their selections of gifts, will be somewhat regulated, in the *cost* or value of them, by the number of "certificates" the member may possess. Children who have recently joined, or who live too remote to attend regularly, or who have been detained by reasonable causes, should be generously remembered, even though they may have obtained but few certificates during the year. Of these and other circumstances the Leaders should be guided by gentle wisdom.

When the Queen is seated, behind a table, in her Bower of Beauty, the pages bring in from some concealed place a tray, holding the gifts for one of the Groups. (Distant or soft music enhances the scene.) The Queen hands one of the packages to the Conductor (who is seated near, at the right of the table,) who reads the child's name and the title of the Group *distinctly*, whereupon the member will leave his or her seat, and receive the present. [*Children should never open their gift-packages in the hall.* It leads to confusion, disorder, and losses or injury of what they receive. *Always take the packages home unopened.*] The pages, with their trays, will keep the Queen's beautiful Table supplied with packages until all the children receive what was prepared for them. The Conductor will always take the "certificates" (the Lyceum-money,) from the member's hand, in exchange for the gift. (These certificates may be used for the ensuing year, as they are printed on superior bank-note paper, and will last long.)

How to Make the Lyceum Pay its Expenses.

Of course, no new movement can be expected to be self-supporting, in the first few months of its existence. *A Lyceum is like a child*, needing the presence and fostering care and support of its parents and gentle friends, for months, possibly for years, until it has attained internal growth sufficient to earn its own livelihood.

With enterprising management, however, a Children's Lyceum can be made, especially in large cities, to keep its treasury supplied with enough to meet all expenses. [The definite expenses of our Lyceum are about thirty dollars per month, paid for services, rent, music, new books, &c.; and to this must be added the expense of festivals, picnics, excursions, &c.: in the aggregate not less than five hundred dollars a year.] We keep our accounts square, however, by devoting some "attractive industy" to the giving of two or more public benefit-exhibitions, consisting of

sacred, patriotic, and humorous Songs, Recitations, Dialogues, and especially original and selected Tableaux, which, if well-presented, in rapid succession, never fail to fill every seat in the hall, at a price of admission not less than is customary at established places of first-class entertainments.*

Tableaux Vivants by the Children's Lyceum.

On the eve of our second Anniversary, we presented an attractive programme, and received from the sale of tickets enough to pay, not only all the expenses contingent to the Exhibition, but enough also to liquidate the entire amount advanced to purchase the gifts for the children. (The members were admitted free.) The presents alone cost, at whole-

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* Officers will bear in mind that, in front of the curtain, *while the Tableau is being arranged*, a Dialogue, song, or a speech by a little girl or boy, or something else interesting should be going on (and so fixed on the programme,) so that your audience will not become impatient by waiting too long between the Tableaux.

sale, not less than one hundred and fifty dollars. Of the Tableaux presented, the following is the Guardian's brief description:

First Tableau.—"THE SEASONS": Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. Four characters (girls) in costume, and Father Time. (Two scenes.)

"Spring"—dressed in pure white, with a profusion of flowers, and sprigs of green here and there on her dress. "Summer"—reclining on a sheaf of wheat, a sickle in one hand, and warm-tinted flowers around her. "Autumn"—kneeling on one knee; rich, gorgeous flowers, and wreath of autumn-leaves on her head; a cornucopia with fruit, corn, &c., overflowing it. "Winter"—standing enveloped in a snowy or frosted robe—her head wreathed in icicles or enveloped in swan's down—a frosty staff in the right hand and a string of sleigh-bells on the shoulder. "Father Time"—in a long white beard and dark robe, with the usual symbols, &c.

Second Scene: Same group of girls standing together, their hands clasped, and eight dancing girls waltzing in—representing the Hours dancing around the Seasons. Music appropriate to the waltzing Hours.

Second Tableau.—"THE AWAKENING IN THE SUMMER-LAND." (TWO SCENES.) This was very beautiful, consisting of, first, a youth sleeping in a celestial bower, two or three an-

gels watching, with two or three children. (Distant music on the melodeon, by which the youth is to be awakened.)

Second Scene: Youth awakened—in the attitude of rising—joy and gratitude on his face, and same group of angels looking down upon him with delight and love.

Third Tableau.—"MORAL POLICE SEWING-GROUP." (One Scene.) Ladies in a room making garments, and Angels in the air looking lovingly upon them, and stretching forth their hands to bless the friends of the poor.

Fourth Tableau.—"THE DYING SOLDIER." (One Scene.) Soldier sleeping in an evergreen thicket or bower—head bound up—face bloody—musket and knapsack beside him; in his hand an ambrotype of the loved ones at home. Angels looking upon him from above the tops of the trees, and waiting for him. (Music.)

Fifth Tableau. — "ABOU BEN-ADHEM." (Two Scenes.) A Persian on a couch, just roused from slumber, seeing an angel "writing in a book of gold." (A young lady appropriately dressed, and writing.)

Second Scene: The angel "with a great wakening light," showing the name "Abou Ben-Adhem" written in large letters on the top of a beautiful scroll. (Soft melodeon music behind the curtains.)

Sixth Tableau.—"AMERICA, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE." (Three Scenes.)

First Scene: "Past"—Liberty in the background, in the attitude of rising from the earth; an Indian girl near Liberty; America in the foreground, with sword in her right hand, in the attitude of striking at crowned heads, assisted by her two sons—"North" and "South"—her left hand beckoning Liberty upward. (Music, "Yankee Doodle.")

Second Scene: "Present"—Liberty siding with America, her left hand manacled—a down-cast look, but holding up the national standard with right hand. A negro boy, with left hand manacled, kneeling to Liberty and grasping her dress, and looking at America. The South siding with the crowned heads, and America defying them, assisted by her loyal son, the North. The Indian girl dejected. (Music, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys.")

Third Scene: "Future"—Liberty and America in the ascendant, with their arms lovingly intertwined. The crowned foes partially kneeling at the left—the two soldiers shaking hands at the right—the negro boy holding the manacles with his left hand, his left foot upon them, and in his right hand the American flag. The Indian girl is protected by Liberty. (Music, "The Star-Spangled Banner.")

Seventh Tableau.—"PROFESSION *vs.* PRACTICE." (Two Scenes.)

First Scene: A wretched family. Husband sick on a rug on the floor—wife despairing and in tatters—two or three children clinging to her—priest kneeling by the only chair in the room, praying, and a bundle of tracts in his hand. (Music, "Hark, from the Tombs."

Second Scene: Priest behind the chair, looking chopfallen—wife, seated in the chair, looking grateful—husband, sitting up on his pallet, with a piece of bread in his hand—children crowding round a Moral Policeman and receiving eatables from his market-basket; he looking rough, honest, benevolent, earnest—indicating that "practice speaks louder than words." (Music. "Home, Sweet Home.")

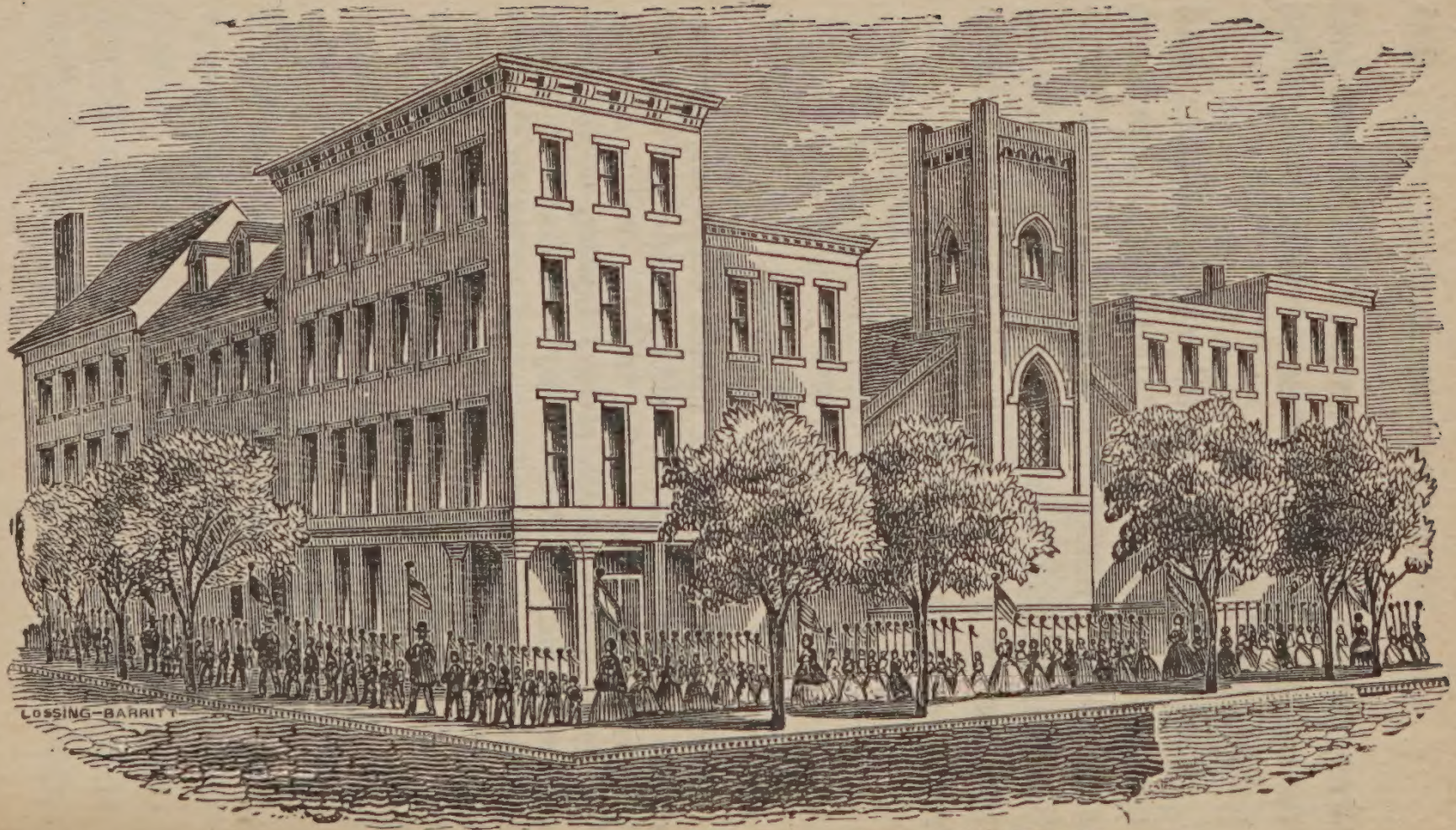
Eighth Tableau. — "THE APOTHEOSIS." (One Scene.) A child lying deathlike upon a couch. The family—two adults and two or three children—around him in the attitude of grief. The spirit (a little child dressed in white gauze,) now ascends in the air toward the Summer-Land. (Music, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The foregoing Tableaux were interspersed with singing, recitations, short dialogues, &c., in front of the drop-curtain, where space enough was left for the purpose. The Conductor, or some person duly appointed, should announce the title, and briefly tell the audience the meaning of the tableau, before

the curtain rises, otherwise the children and many aged persons present would fail to be sufficiently interested.

It will require time and some patience, and considerable talent and industry, to prepare children to perform *fine* parts in these Exhibitions; but the braver you work in this cause, the deeper will be your satisfaction and the richer your imperishable reward.

[NOTE.—On public and festive occasions, processions, &c., the Groups should assemble and turn out with military precision—the highest Group, containing the oldest members, always leading as the honored vanguard, and followed by the next lower figure, and so on, in regular descending order, to the primary Groups. Also, each Leader should arrange the Group for marching, so that the tallest member will lead.]



PICNIC AND FESTIVAL PROCESSION.

Lyceums in Small Villages.

Perhaps the reader may infer that the plan of this institution is applicable only in large cities, or to localities where the children of liberal and spiritual people are numerous enough to form the requisite number of Groups. This thought would be a mistake. The Lyceum method is as applicable to *ten* children as to any larger number. A limited number of Groups can be instituted in neighborhoods, with targets adapted to the ages of such children as are known to be ready; and they can use this Manual, meet like a full Lyceum on every Sunday, sing the songs of truth and progress, receive Lessons, hold Group conferences, and do, though on a limited scale, each and everything necessary to youthful growth in love and wisdom.

Remember, these movements are among the newest manifestations from the Summer-Land. The young are becoming susceptible to the light and love of higher spheres. Beautiful are the happy faces of the grouped

children. They reflect the divine light of the Infinite Soul. Very little girls and boys, and young men and maidens, have caught the inspiration of progress, and now is the time for Spiritualists of every place to bestir themselves in the direction of a true physical and moral education. Let no selfish thought deter adults from entering *at once* upon the high privilege of directing the minds of children into the right channels of life and development. Very respectfully we solicit the names of Officers and Leaders in the different Lyceums, so that we may know those who have embarked in the beautiful work. Let there be established between us the magnetic ties of wise and working love. An invisible Brotherhood will thus be unfolded in the *life* of each, and the angels of immortal affection and beauty will come and dwell with us like familiar friends.

[NOTE.—It is suggested that the Officers and Leaders of the several "Children's Progressive Lyceums" exchange photographic likenesses with each other. Brothers and Sisters, who are serving as Officers and Leaders in the same "Groups" in different localities, may thus become personally interested in each other's

Sunday work. Besides, it is a private pleasure to look upon the pictured forms and features of persons, who, though strangers, are yet highly esteemed as familiar friends in the great reformations now going forward among progressives.]

THE WING MOVEMENTS,

AND OTHER

Lyceum Exercises.

[The following clear and accurate description of the proceedings, wing movements and other exercises peculiar to the Children's Lyceum, is furnished by Mr. Joseph B. Loomis; who, with indefatigable devotion to the cause of human progress and education, has served in the double capacity of Librarian and Guard from our Lyceum s natal day to the present time. The details of the wing movements and other exercises will be found highly serviceable in the different Lyceums.

To make the exercises of the Lyceum clear to those who may not have witnessed them, I will here give, in their usual sequence, some details of the proceedings.

At the appointed hour the school is called to order by the Conductor, and the exercises are opened with singing. The Musical Director now takes charge, and one or more of the Lyceum songs is sung. Sometimes we

have one or two of the small children upon the platform, to sing the solo, while the Lyceum joins in the chorus. This cultivates a confidence in the little ones, which they might not otherwise acquire.

After this brief vocal exercise, the "Silver-Chain" recitations are often introduced. This devotional feature is accomplished by the Conductor, or Guardian, or some clear and careful reader, leading with the first line, followed by the Lyceum reading in concert the succeeding line, alternating thus through the entire recitation. Prose selections are also silver-chained in the same way; also the songs before singing them, and it is most apparent that this exercise impresses upon both young and old, sentiments, truths, and principles that might otherwise remain unobserved.

At a signal from the Conductor, the members *rise and form in rank*, spacing themselves about three feet apart, and thus prepare for the Wing Movements.

1. *Fold, arms.* The left arm is placed over the right. (Never execute the order until the *last* word is pronounced by the Conductor.)

2. *Reverse, arms.* Carry the hands behind the back, one resting on the other.

3. *Rest, arms.* Place the hands on the hips, thumbs turned to the front.

4. *Arms, free.* Let the arms drop by the side, in readiness for the exercises to follow.

5. The Wing Movements. (*Music.*)

The "Wing Movements" consist of systematic motions of the arms and upper portions of the body. The Conductor, or the Guardian of the Groups, usually lead in these exercises from the platform, with piano-forte accompaniments. These movements all the Leaders and members perform in unison, and are accomplished as follows:

The hands are placed in front of the person, the palms together, with the right hand uppermost, the fore-arm being horizontal. The right hand is then thrown out with a graceful curve to the extent of the arm, at which point the palm is upward. The hand is then brought up with a graceful recurve to a point just above, and at the left of the forehead, the open hand now pointing up, with the palm outward; then another short recurve at the same hight with the last and to the right,

leaving the hand pointing a little obliquely outward—the forearm perpendicular—palm as before, and about over the shoulder. This hand is then brought down directly to the left hand, when the same motions are repeated usually four times. They then change, placing the left hand uppermost, and making the reverse motions in the same manner with the left hand. After this the motions are made with both hands simultaneously; and in this case the hands are brought down palm to palm, the fingers pointing horizontally outward and thumbs uppermost.

Sometimes the following light gymnastic movements are made, calculated to give free circulation to the blood, deeper and healthier respirations, and impart a pleasing activity to the mind, removing from every one a sense of dullness, and preparing all for the conversational session that soon is to follow. These movements are divided into three series, thus :

First Series.—1. Fists doubled at the chest. *Left* hand *down* twice; right same; alternately and simultaneously the same. *Ditto* "side, up, and front."

2. Left hand down once; right once; simultaneously thrice. *Ditto* "side, up, and front."

3. Left hand down once; right once; spat the hands remainder of the strain. *Ditto* "side, up, and front."

4. The radiating steps.

5. The triple charge. (Three steps in one, diagonally forward and backward.)

6. Hands on the hips, thumbs to the front. *Twist* the body to the *left*, then to the right, twice. *Bend* it to the left, then to the right, twice. Bend forward, then backward, twice. Bend left, back, right, and front, and reverse.

7. Twist the head, first to the *left*, then to the right, twice. *Bend* the neck same, keeping face to the front. Bend forward and back the same; left, back, right, and front, and reverse. The head movements follow the same order as those of the body. Hands on the hips.

SECOND SERIES.—1. Fists double at the chest. Thrust the *left* hand *down*, then *up*, four times. Right hand the same, alternately the same, simultaneously the same.

2. Thrust the *left* hand out from the chest

to the *left* side, then to the *right* (at the same time twisting the body to the right) four times. Right hand same, thrusting first to the *right*, then to the *left*. Both hands same, commencing on the *left*. Both hands to the left four times, then to the right four times. Fists doubled.

3. The "kicking" exercise—(repeat.)

4. Left hand up vertically in front, four times, right the same; alternately and simultaneously the same.

5. *Ditto* vertically sidewise.

6. Arms extended in front; carry them horizontally back, eight times, or through the strain. (Fists doubled in last three.)

7. Shrug the left shoulder four times; right four times; alternately four times; simultaneously four times; arms by the sides. Hands open.

8. Arms down, open and shut the hands four times; same "side, up, and front." Change from one direction to the other with the *fourth*, *shutting* in each case. In the first three directions the *palms* should be to the *front;* in the last, downwards.

9. The "mowing" movement, commencing on the left side. One strain.

10. Hands on the hips—draw the elbows back one strain.

11. The "sawing" movement, four times on the *left* side; then on the *right*, fists doubled.

12. Stamp the right foot, then the left, step out diagonally forward with the left on the next beat, and sway backward and forward through the strain, bending and straightening the knees alternately. Same in the four diagonal directions. Hands on the hips.

THIRD SERIES.—Postures. Charge out with the left foot diagonally forward and backward, looking back in the opposite direction; one strain. *Hands at the sides, fists doubled.*

2. Charge out as in No. 1, hands on the sides. Fill the lungs with air during the strain. Spat the chest with the hands through the next strain. Same with the right foot. Repeat. (The music should now be rapid.) In "repeating," spat the *stomach* and sides.

3. Hands clasped behind the back, carrying them *down* and *up* eight times. The eighth time *down*, unclasp and carry them to the sides, fists doubled. Twist four times. Same

"side, up, and front." Slide the hands on each other in front, one strain.

4. Arms by the sides. Twist the left shoulder four times forward; right same; alternately and simultaneously the same.

5. No. 4 reversed.

6. Left hand up under the arm four times; right same; alternately and simultaneously the same.

7. Left hand up from the top of the shoulder four times; right same; alternately and simultaneously the same.

8. Alternate and simultaneous of the preceding, (6 and 7,) charging each time from the armpit to the shoulder and *vice versa.*

All now resume their seats, and soon gather into social Groups around their Leaders—when they have conversation and interchange of thought upon the lesson given out for consideration at the session of the previous Sunday—and it is beautiful to behold so many glad young hearts in social session upon subjects so adapted to their understanding as to constantly lead them on, whatever their age may be, to higher and better views of truths and principles; and this method also

is so reciprocal that considerate Leaders often become pupils under the questions and *naive* responses of the youthful members intrusted to their care. After these considerations, new lessons are proposed and given out, with the advice that each strive to give it some thought during the week, and come to next Sunday's session with evidences of some real study or analysis of the subject before them.

The Leaders are now requested to select books for the ensuing two weeks. The Leaders, to accomplish this, leave their groups and proceed to the library apartment and make the selections. As this occupies some little time, the Musical Director engages the Lyceum in singing, and makes general remarks and gives illustrations on the rudiments of music, the cultivation of which is an essential feature of the Lyceum. Leaders having returned from the Library and resumed their seats, all badges are at once removed, and the boxes containing them returned to the Assistant Guardian at the desk. A member of each group is selected to remove its Target and form in line at the side of the Hall, under the direction of their Cap-

tain, (usually a boy member of the older Groups,) who duly marshals the Target-bearers in order, and then marches and counter-marches his company through the aisles, to the platform, where the targets are deposited. The Captain then dismisses his company, who return to their seats, preparatory to the final march.

The Conductor now requests the entire Lyceum to "rise and form in rank." The seats are moved more closely together by the Guards, to widen the aisles. This done, all "beat time" lightly (not noisily) with the left foot, as a preparation to step to the music when they begin the march. (Well-marked marches, like the "Child of the Regiment," should be performed on the piano.) The Guardian of the Groups, who always precedes the procession in its windings through the aisles of the Hall, now leads forward, with the large silk flag, the Leaders invariably *following* their Groups in the marches, never preceding them, by which arrangement the members are visible to their Leaders.

By the time the whole line is fairly in motion, the head of the column is passing near

the Conductor's stand, when an Assistant gives out one of a dozen silk flags to each of the Leaders as they pass. The foremost, or Liberty Group, immediately following the Guardian, is now passing the Banner Chest,* ten or more feet beyond this point, where each member takes a Flag in his right hand. [N. B.—While the books were being selected, these Flags were arranged in due order, the largest Flags being for the larger members, and the smallest for the little children.] These Flags are taken in succession from the further end of the lid of the Banner-Chest, upon which they are laid, leaving the small Flags to be taken last, at the first end of the table, as the small members finally reach this point.

The Guardian of the Groups still leads on in the march through the different aisles,

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* We use what is termed the "Banner-Chest of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. It is large enough to take in all the Flags, Banners, and Targets, so that on gala days, all our apparatus can be carried in this chest in the same wagon with the baskets of eatables, to the Pic-nic grove or play-ground. Also, in the Hall we use it to arrange our Flags on; the lid, when open, serving better than a table for the purpose.

often doubling the column, so that they move in close proximity to those passing the other way, all of whom are now marching with Flags elevated or lowered, as the Conductor directs.

In these windings and counter-marches of the columns, good judgment is required to prevent interference and confusion; and some foresight also, when the aisles are all filled with moving Flags, to bring the column up in proper order for the final singing, or the concluding "Silver-Chaining Exercises."

After a sufficient number of evolutions for the occasion, accompanied, as they sometimes are, with singing by the moving column, they are all led close by the Conductor's stand again, and the same Assistant receives from each Leader the silk Flags—the members depositing theirs in the Banner-Chest, a little further on.

The Guardian is still counter-marching and thus contracting the lines in front of the Conductor's stand.

The older Groups, or those from No. 12 downward, first form a line in length either to accommodate the Hall or to divide the

lines as equally as may be—the smaller members marching to the front. This brings the little ones together and quite near to the platform. All are now in order for the final song, or for responses to questions by the Conductor, or to hear remarks from any one who may be invited to address the school.

After this the Lyceum is dismissed, and although the exercises have sometimes continued two hours, or perhaps more, there is no evidence of exhaustion or weariness in the little ones, and no tendency in the elder members to hasten the adjournment, for all are interested, and led to a higher trust and hope in the progress of humanity.

PRINCIPLES OF HARMONY

INVOLVED IN THE

Color of Targets and Badges.

We have not space in this little book to enlarge on the several refined methods which would reveal, in a scientific form, the principles of harmony and beauty involved in the scale of colors adopted in the Children's Lyceum. The ultimate discoveries of science, doubtless, will establish the fact that *odors*, *flavors*, *sounds*, and *colors*, are effects of musical laws; or, rather, that all that is cognizable by the senses, internal as well as external, is in absolute correspondence with, and can only be truly interpreted by the eternal principles of DIVINE HARMONY—INFINITE UNITY manifested in INFINITE VARIETY.

The significance given to certain colors of badges may, to some minds, seem superficial and unfounded in the laws of science; but further examination will produce a different con-

viction. In the bestowment of these meanings, the rule that is followed in a higher world has been carefully copied, and is therefore recommended.

It will be observed, however, that the *shades* of meanings correspond, in nearly every instance, to the *shades* of the colors; and furthermore it will be perceived, that each particular shade of color, conveying a particular shade of significance, acts upon the mind (*via* the optic-nerve) through a definite and never-varying number of ethereal vibrations. Science says that sound is detected and measured by the length of the air-waves, causing the air to move backward and forward like water, and on this principle is arranged the gamut of sounds in what is called "music."

Colors, in like manner, may be arranged into a gamut (as, partially, they are in this book,) by measuring the length of the vibrations of the ethereal particles, which are invariably *across* the waves that communicate sound. The rhythmics, or the *length* of tones, the melodics, or the *pitch* of tones, and the dynamics, or the *power* of tones in music,

are in exact mathematical accordance with the *duration*, the *degree*, and the *influence* of colors which are revealed to the spirit, through the senses, by vibrations of the ethereal atoms under the sway of light.

Red, for example—the badge of Fountain Group—produces *slower* and *longer* vibrations than any other color. The physical meaning of red is, *fire;* the spiritual meaning is *primary love*. Thirty-nine thousand waves of red light fills the measure of an inch. Certain persons prefer *red* to every other color—children generally do; also southern and eastern races—negroes, indians, Arabs, Chinese, &c.; and the *same* persons and races invariably prefer those musical sounds which, in length, pitch, and power, mathematically correspond with the vibrations of the color called "red." Violet light, on the other hand, is preferred by persons and races who enjoy like musical vibrations. Excelsior Group is marked by *violet*—meaning aspiring love—which produces fifty-seven thousand and five hundred vibrations, while red is producing only thirty-nine thousand—and the difference in the number of vibrations

in a second between red and violet, is the difference between "primary love" and that higher and finer "love" which is "aspiring" and heavenward in its flight. Intermediate colors, with intermediate meanings, produce corresponding undulations in the ethereal particles through which the light, containing the colors, passes into the spirit *via* the organs and nerves of vision.

In sound, remember, the particles of the atmosphere wave backward and forward; in color, the atoms of light wave at right angles with sound-undulations. "The spectrum is to the eye what the gamut is to the ear. . . . As light moves 192,000 miles per second, that length of ray streams into the eye each second. If this distance be reduced to inches, and the product multiplied by 39,000, [which is the exact number of waves of red light in the space of an inch,] you have the number of waves which beat against the retina each second, when you look upon a *red* color. If the same product be multiplied by 57,500, [which is the exact number of waves of violet light in the measure of an inch,] you ascertain the number of pulses per second which

strike the retina when looking upon a *violet* color. If a single second of time be divided into a million of equal parts, a wave of violet light trembles or pulsates in that incredibly short interval, 727,000,000 times! If these results seem incredible, we should remember that we are dealing with the resources of the INFINITE!" (See "New Chemistry," by Prof. E. L. Youmans.)

Flowers and gems also, as well as colors, have been, in all ages of the world, used with symbolical and other meanings more or less spiritual and heavenly. The scale of primary colors is like the scale of elementary sounds. By mixing and combining colors, the secondary varieties and tertiary shades are obtained; so, also, by dividing, sub-dividing, and combining sounds into semi-tones, quarter-notes, demi-semi-quavers, &c., the melodious charms and infinite varieties of music are developed. The effect produced on the spirit by the vibrations of violet light is identical with the rich, mild, sober, religious, tender, contemplative effect produced by the vibrations of a certain note in the musical scale. The effect of *red* light is analogous to the vibrations of that

note which is adapted to expressions of boldness, vigor, war, and enterprise.

White, the sum of all colors, has been recognized by the intuitions of mankind as the emblem of spiritual light and purity, innocence, joy, and life.

Blue, in the sapphire, formerly used to signify the firmament, or truth, constancy, and fidelity. In our scale blue signifies the "love of Justice."

Yellow in early art meant the sun, golden fruitfulness; in a *bad* sense it signified inconstancy, jealousy, and deceit; in our scale yellow (being transitional) signifies "filial love," including the devotion of the religious soul to superiors in office.

Green among the ancients, like the emerald, signified victory (being the color of the palm and laurel) and the hope of immortality. In our scale "*green*" signifies *utility* in friendship, but more particularly the "perpetual freshness of youth." *Black* (the negative of color) is not used on our scale, having no significance beyond the mere sense of "absence" and "inaction."

Repository of Brief Utterances

FOR

LESSONS.

[In the following list will be found many of the wisest and truest inspirations of Ideas and Principles. They have been selected from the works of various well-known authors, both ancient and modern, and are deemed appropriate for the spiritual, moral, and intellectual culture of the young. We do not inclose these sayings in quotation marks, nor give the names of their authors, on the principle that such embodiments of truth belong to the Soul of the world from which they were derived.

☞ Leaders will perceive that a complete Lesson is contained in each line, couplet, verse, or sentence; and that only one subject should be given to the members of one Group at a time.]

Father in Heaven, thy name be hallowed,
Thy will be perfected, thy kingdom be;
Unto us daily give thou our daily bread.
May we who forgive be forgiven by Thee;
Tempt us not farther, from evil defend,
And thine be the glory forever, amen.

Life in heaven is love and wisdom;
Harmony reigns in the angel kingdom.

Get up early, time is precious,
Waste it not in bed;
Get up early, while the dew-drops
O'er the earth are spread.

Nearest to God and to heaven's pure rills,
Are souls who have triumphed o'er earthly ills.

I will do right whate'er may come,
For if I wrong pursue,
I can no joy or beauty find:
But troubles ever new.

The birds of spring
Are on the wing—
How busy they appear!
The boughs are bare,
Chill is the air,
And yet the birds are here.

Where the world needs workers, *be there:*
Where there's wrong, there make it right;
Where there's need, there is thy mission,
Home or foreign, day or night.

If I should tell a shameful lie,
And no one ever know,
It would be with me just the same
Wherever I might go.

I've seen a poor woman that sat all the day
In the cold, to sell her apples and cake;
I think if you'd give her a smile on your way,
The offering of love she gladly would take.

It is success that colors all in life.
All the proud virtue of the vaunting world
Fawns on success.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Be kind to each other,
To sister and brother,
For kindness is like the bright sun
That opens the flowers,
In the beautiful bowers
When the bright days of May have begun.

Hand in hand with angels
Ever let us go;
Clinging to the strong ones,
Drawing up the slow.

Beware, beware of careless words—
They have a fearful power,
And jar upon the spirit's chords
Through many a weary hour.

'Mid pleasures and palaces where'er we roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Softly now the rain-drops fall
Upon each thirsty tree and flower;
I lose my play—but never mind,
The plants must have their merry hour.

The man who is the most successful in the pursuit of happiness, is not he who proposes it to himself as the great object of his pursuit.

Good nature is the shining out of kind and benevolent feelings in the social intercourse of men.

I want you to be happy children,
As the birdies in the wood,
Always singing pretty love-lays,
Always cheerful, always good.

The knowledge of a thing must needs precede the perception of it.

Never falter, never faint;
Bear thou our banner in the van;
He's the truest, purest saint,
Who labors for his brother man.

Come happy thoughts, and drive away
All trouble from my breast—
Bright thoughts of love, and God, and heaven,
And make me good and blest.

Love on every one is smiling,
Love in every star appears,
Every leaf in love seems trembling—
Earth sings harmony of spheres.

They never fail who die
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirits walk abroad.

I have a treasure better far
Than glittering gem or shining gold;
It is the love within my heart:
I'll give it, but it can't be sold.

Do good, and throw it into the sea; if the fishes don't know it, God will.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate:
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Whether we face the lions in the den
Or sail o'er martyrdom's red fiery seas,
Around us camp, invisible to men,
"The cloud of witnesses."

Gladness in the heart should dwell,
As music in the ocean shell.

Give as gives the one Great Giver,
Of the best thy soul hath found.
Hast thou done a noble action?
There is consecrated ground!

All you give you will carry with you.

The more I give, the more I have
Of that best blessing, love;
For what I give to those below,
Falls on me from above.

The spirits of the lost, of whom we sing,
Have perished not—they have but taken wing—
Changing an earthly for a heavenly spring—
There are the dead!

Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature.

Gently guard me, loving spirits!
Hover o'er me night and day,
When I tread the happy pathway,
When I go life's toilsome way.

No chains can bind, no flame consume the soul;
God's breath dissolves the avalanche of ill—
When the dark clouds of suffering round us roll,
Heaven sends its angels still.

Words are weak when the soul would speak
Of the angel-home above:
Faint visions alone are to man made known
Of that dwelling of light and love.

Great deeds survive the flood of time.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

Aspiration is better than ambition.

Love is to human hearts
What sunshine is to flowers;
And friendship is the fairest thing
In this cold world of ours.

Sing of Him, ye gushing waters,
Chant to Him, thou little brook;
All the earth, and all earth's children
Read Him in the Eternal Book.

I'll love to always speak the truth,
And will commence now, in my youth.

Now I lay me down to sleep:
Bright angels guard my bed,
And may I wake to still receive
Their blessings on my head.

Stand up ye, in your manhood free,
A right you have to speak your mind,
To utter all the truths you see,
And pour in light upon the blind.

Ever there floats before the real
The bright, the beautiful ideal.

Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

The prayer of *deeds* is oftener answered than the prayer of words.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

Oh I will treat kindly, with love and protection,
Each poor suffering one that I see;
Not a creature that needs my love and affection,
Shall ever go wanting from me.

Do the duties of to-day,
Whoe'er may frown or chide thee:
Duties done are garlands won,
Whatever griefs betide thee.

Good words are worth much and cost little.

There can be but one Infinite.

Our victory lies not in the future, but in the striving of to-day, whereby we gain immortal power.

Be gentle, like the wind that opes
The pretty April flower;
Be gentle, like the bird that sings
Within the summer bower.

Love the God above you!
Love the angels bright!
Love the little children!
It will fill with light
Every heart in sadness,
Every soul in gloom;
Every woe 'twill banish,
Every sin consume.
Lovingly and sweetly
Glide along forever;
Bringing gladness always,
Causing sorrow never.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

Gentle playmate, skipping free,
To the meadow come with me.

The plant blooms, but perishes; the flowers of the spirit bloom forever.

Teach me to be dutiful,
Happy and beautiful.

Holy angels hover near me,
Guide my footsteps when I stray.

We attain to goodness by growth, as the plant blooms.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak.

We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air.

Ambition awakens energy, but unless sanctified, destroys the heart's peace.

What is the object or purpose of life?

The circumstances of our life will conquer us, unless we are stronger than circumstances.

If thou hast Truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God.

Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Blessed are the pure in heart.

Perseverance, to bring a rich reward, must have an object worthy of it.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer,
Be e'er for light and strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

God's government, unlike frail mortal man's, contemplates as its chief design and end perfect life for every human soul.

A desire to excel others will not make one truly great.

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

No two men ever saw the world
Alike through outward eyes, nor ever heard
Just the same music in the wild bird's hymn
Or the deep moaning of the wakeful sea.

Justice hath a step like wool—
Her hands are iron.

There's not a living man in all the earth
But hath God near to him as his own soul.

There are two sufferers where a despot reigns:
The tyrant suffers more than does the serf;
For all unnatural relations curse
Him most who seems to profit most thereby.

No mother hates her child,
But, crusted o'er with evil, sin-defiled,
Cradles him in her bosom.

All human beings share
The common imperfections of the race.

The pride of virtue is itself a sin;
The pride that shrinks from contact with the lost,
Lest its white robes should be defiled by them.

We live not to ourselves; our work is life; in bright and ceaseless labor as a star, which striveth unto all worlds but itself.

To command one's own esteem, is more essential than to command the esteem of the world.

Oh ! 'tis sweet to see the love of God transcending ill,
And, in the very breast that harbored it,
Building an habitation for himself,
And making it a sinless Paradise.

The thinker does not look without
To find creation's plan ;
The life, the form of all the worlds,
Prefigured, dwells in man.

Then death, so called, is but old matter drest
In some new figure and a varied vest ;
Thus all things are but altered, nothing dies,
And here and there the immortal spirit flies.

There surely is some guiding power
That rightly suffers wrong,
Gives vice to bloom its little hour,
But virtue late and long.

"Why sporting thus," the seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm ?"
"Why yield to fear ?" the boy replied ;
"Our Father's at the helm."

We do not make our thoughts ; they grow in us,
Like grain in wood: the growth is of the skies,
Which are of Nature—Nature is of God.
The world is full of glorious likenesses.

Guide us, angels, oh, instruct us,
Gently chide us if we roam ;
When our death arrives, conduct us
To our blissful spirit-home.

Power will accomplish much, but perseverance more.

As many ages as it took to form
The world, it takes to form the human race.

The good is growing,
And truth is flowing
On forever.

As are the finite faculties of man,
As are the primitive first forms of space,
Yet unlike them, each being infinite,
Are the eternal attributes of God.

Harmonic manhood is the human form
Of every human attribute complete,
Exact and just in harmony of state.

Who shall reap immortal joy?
He that sows without alloy;
Who shall garner treasures there?
He that plants the flowret fair.

Let our thought and labor be
To God and for humanity.

There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest,
But in its motion like an angel sings.

When each fulfills a wise design,
In his own orbit he will shine.

Herbs gladly cure our flesh because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

Amid the vast infinitude
Is God's eternal interlude—
On, on forever.

All truth is one.

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things.

I have kind and tender parents,
  I have many loving friends;
But none loves me as God loves me—
  And all that's good he sends.

Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back. Wisely improve the present—it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Each little rill, that many a year
  Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
  Join in the song, that God is good

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out.

Get up, dear children—see! the sun
His shining course has just begun!
So like a giant he comes forth
To run his course and light the earth.

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower, transported, cries,
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow-dyes."

When we desire to avenge an injury, we prove to ourselves that we are not above the level of those who wronged us.

The past bears in her arms the present and the future.

How many things by season seasoned are,
To their right praise and true perfection.

Jealousy is the feeblest but most dangerous offspring of selfishness.

Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

He is well paid who is well satisfied.

Oh, yes, I love the sunshine:
Like kindness or like mirth
Upon a human countenance
Is sunshine on the earth.

Friend is a word of royal tone,
Friend is a poem all alone.

I thought my branch of coral
A pretty shrub might be,
Until I learned a little worm
Had made it in the sea.
It builds its coral palaces
Than lofty hills more high,
And then, the structure to complete,
The little worm must die.

We have hearts that yearn toward duty,
We have minds alive to beauty—
Souls that any hight can reach.

Every wrong brings its own vengeance.

God's truth is absolute; it is binding yesterday and forever.

Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free.

A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

He who sows nettles reaps a crop of stings.

How sweet to hear my mother say:
"You have been very good to-day!"
How sweet to see my father's joy,
When he can say, "My dear good boy!"

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

An undevout astronomer is mad.

Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly;
While flowers decay and seasons roll,
This lives, and cannot die.

Be just, and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's.

Keep Virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil, good can ever rise.

Coming events cast their shadows before.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Look e'er you leap,
For as you sow, you're like to reap.

An evil mind cannot counsel well for itself.

They whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

Never find your delight in another's misfortune.

Vigor is contagious, and whatever makes us either think or feel strongly, adds to our power and enlarges our field of action.

To err is human; to forgive divine.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

Sometimes custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Never thrust your own sickle into another's corn.

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.

The child is father of the man.

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep, wide sea of misery.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Order is written in the boundless skies,
We read it on the earth;
The flowers display it with their starry eyes,
The seasons speak its worth.

Keep your body sound; as wine savors of the cask it is kept in, the soul receives a tincture from the frame through which it works.

Let not your benevolence extend beyond your means.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or, with taper light,
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

The proper study of mankind is man.

When the judgment's weak,
The prejudice is strong.

Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays:
Who deserves needs not another's praise.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.

Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end.

Aim to be
In all thy dealings upright. True it is,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more is none.

He bids fair to grow wise who has discovered that he is not so.

A brave mind can never want matter for liberality in the meanest condition; for Nature has been so kind to us, that where we have nothing of Fortune's, we may bestow something of our own.

Truth will never let thee alone
That once hath sought her.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

Whoso in one thing hath been true,
Can be as true in all.

The love of liberty with life is given.

'Tis mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man—simplicity, a child.

That shore we deem itself a shadow, alone contains the resolution into glory of all our longings, into peace of all our pain.

Great truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of eternity.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever; its loveliness increases; it will never pass into nothingness.

Nothing is so indicative of deepest culture as a tender consideration of the ignorant.

It must forever be
The instinct of great spirits to be free.

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

'Tis education forms the common mind—
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind; the thief doth fear each bush an officer.

All I feel, and hear, and see,
God of love, is full of thee.

Things ill got, have ever bad success.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Glory built on selfish principles is shame and guilt.

That is not very small which is barely less than the greatest.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

An orator's life is more convincing than his eloquence.

The intellect is but the servant of the soul.

He should be called bad who is good only for selfish ends.

The web of our life is of mingled yarn—good and ill together.

When our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

No pleasure endures unseasoned by variety.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small.

Where one has led the way, another may follow.

Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

Anger thinks crime justifiable.

Each pleasing art lends softness to the mind,
And with our studies are our lives refined.

There is more venom than truth in the words of envy.

Folly and Fear are sisters twain,
One closing her eyes,
The other peopling the dark main
With spectral lies.

The body is not vile. Men make it so
By harboring vices in its tenement.

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change, to her, of everlasting youth.

To do good, you should know what good is.

There is no place where God is not,
And love will make, where'er it be,
A holy spot.

The study of Nature can inform
The mind that is within us, can impress
With quietness and beauty, and can feed
With lofty thoughts.

A slanderous tongue is the sign of a bad heart.

The greater our strength, the less we know of the power of misfortune.

Creation sprang from God's necessity.
God never woke, because he never slept.
The universe is ancient as himself—
Without beginning and without an end.

How formidable is he who has no fear of death!

An envious disposition feeds upon itself.

That is the noblest emulation which humanity prompts.

Faith grows forever in the universe,
With the eternal progress of the worlds,
From sphere to sphere of knowledge and of love.

It is a kingly spirit that can return good deeds for reproaches.

By doing nothing, men learn to do ill.

A noble spirit finds a cure for injustice in forgetting.

Nature is blazing with the light of thought,
And mind effulgent with Divinity;
For God alike through mind and matter wills,
Works, ultimates himself for evermore.

Love, Wisdom, Beauty—where they dwell
In man, is God's fresh miracle.

As roses are by sunbeams fed
Till their pale hearts grow crimson red,
God's love is o'er our spirits shed.

The simplest truths are mightiest in their force.

The less a mortal desires, the less he needs.

Mighty rivers may easily be leaped at their source.

No intellectual form
Is able to receive the Deity,
Save as a crystal draws the solar light.

Any one can hold the helm when the sea is calm.

Three angel-spirits walk the earth,
Our guides where'er we go;
And where their gentle footsteps lead,
There is no human woe;
They smile upon the cradled child—
They bless the heart of youth—
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

There is a star that beams on earth,
With tender, lovely ray;
That lights the path of generous worth,
And speaks a brighter day. (*Friendship.*)

There is a tie, a golden chain,
That binds with stronger hand
Than iron shackles of the cell,
Or all the arts of man. (*Love.*)

There is a gem, a pearl of worth
As lasting as the skies;
More precious than the gems of earth,
Its splendor never dies. (*Truth.*)

Truth is a heavenly principle—a light
Whose beams will always guide the willing right;
A fixed star—a glorious central sun.

The great and good are friends,
And he is but half great who is not good.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.

God writes his thoughts
In facts, in solid orbs, in living souls;
His revelation is the concrete world.

It is a bad cause that takes refuge in the lenity of the Judge.

Hard to bear is the poverty which follows a bad use of riches.

It is bad management when we suffer fortune to be our guide.

Supreme power may be lost by an abuse of power.

Yesterday should be the teacher of to-day.

Avoid cupidity, and you conquer a kingdom.

Gold is tried by fire; fortitude by affliction.

Never forget a favor received; be quick to forget a favor bestowed.

The bow too tensely strung, is easily broken.

The error repeated, is a fault.

The perfect man through wisdom draws
The secret of th' eternal laws.

To work, to work, is man's divine vocation;
All work is worship, holy all employ.

Bitter for a freeman is the bondage of debt.

A true benevolence knows the reason of its gifts.

It is well to moor your bark with two anchors.

Sin is a name for excess.

True spirit-prayer, like the glory of morning dew, ascends noiselessly.

Fidelity is the integrity of your soul to itself —obedience to the angel of God within—to your best and highest attractions.

He that hath a truth and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs;
But performs a selfish action,
And a fellow-mortal wrongs.

When you fall short in what is due to yourself, you are lacking towards your friends.

We make the nearest approaches to the gods in our good deeds.

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?

Truth needs no champions; in the infinite deep
Of everlasting soul her strength abides.

To be good is to do good.

Upon the summit of each mountain thought
Worship thou God; for Deity is seen
From every elevation of the soul.

The decrees of God are the eternal laws of his vital system, written upon the constitution of man.

Upward! Onward! is my watchword,
Though the winds blow good or ill—
Though the sky be fair or stormy,
This shall be my watchword still.

Order is Heaven's first law.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

Fortune masters us if we do not master her.

Human reason grows rich by self-conquest.

For him who loves labor, there is always something to do.

No amount of gain satisfies avarice.

We shape ourselves, our joy or fear,
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

True religion is universal Justice.

We live not to ourselves—our work is life.

Kind words can never die.

An inglorious life is the next thing to death.

Even when the wound is healed, the scar remains.

A prosperous worthlessness is the curse of high life.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlooked for, into high-souled deeds,
With wayside beauty rife.

A kindness should be received in the spirit that prompted it.

Avarice is the source of its own sorrows.

When the lion is dead, even puppies can bite him.

If you cannot become a harper, become a piper.

Labor is the best of condiments for (youth's) food.

That mortal needs least who wishes least.

The right is ever beyond the reach of the wrong.

Consult your conscience rather than public opinion.

What happens to one man, may happen to all.

Let every moment as it flies,
Record thee good, as well as wise;
Who well improves life's shortest day,
Will not regret its parting ray.

Nothing is lost in Nature; and no soul,
Though buried in the center of all sin,
Is lost to God.

We should not credit the utterances of an angry spirit.

Let thy life be a song of praise.

Confidence is the only bond of friendship.

The loss of a friend is the greatest of losses.

The plainer the table, the more wholesome the food.

To do two things at once, is to do neither.

He who chases two hares will catch neither.

A truly noble nature cannot be insulted.

Mind cannot mind despise—it is itself.

A trifling rumor may cause a great calamity.

Do not find your happiness in another's sorrow.

If your parent is just, revere him; if not, bear with him.

Give as God hath given thee,
With a bounty full and free;
Strong of hand, and strong of heart,
Bear thy weaker brother's part.

A wise man rules his passions; a fool obeys them.

Fear ye not the way so lonely,
You a little band?
"No, for friends unseen are near us;
Angels round us stand."

Tell me, Pilgrims, what ye hope
In the Summer-Land?
"O, we hope to meet our loved ones—
A celestial band."

Will you let me journey with you,
To that glorious home?
"Yes, we give you joyous welcome:
Come, dear Pilgrim, come."

With time and industry the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes satin.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;
Soft hand or hard hand—it matters not never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

The precious poetry of life shall gild its leaden cares.

O let me never lightly fling
A barb of woe to wound another;
O never let me haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.

A rough diamond is better than polished paste.

'Tis Godlike to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
But not to wound, nor to annoy,
Is part of love's sweet lesson too:
Joy winged in fairer worlds above,
Shall oft descend and brighten this
When all man's labor is to love,
And all his thoughts, a brother's bliss.

To the resolute man, nothing seems impossible.

Conscience is the voice of God in the soul. No one truly obeying this voice will meet with permanent harm.

Each has the power to wound. But he
Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has learnt no law of charity,
Which ne'er inflicts in vain.

Said the Rose-bush, "I blossom with pleasure because I could not do otherwise. The sun is so warm, the air so refreshing. I drank the clear dew and the fortifying rain. A strength came to me from the earth, a strength came from above. I felt a happiness ever new, ever great, and therefore I must blossom ever. That is my life; I cannot do otherwise. Everything has been given me, and I should give the best part of myself to others."

The utilities of the world will take care of themselves: let us foster the beautiful, because, like all divine attributes, man reaches it through striving, and is made better by its contemplation.

Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, and the beauteous land;
And the little moments, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity.

So our little errors lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue, oft in sin to stray:
Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden, like the heaven above.

Up in the morning early:
'Tis Nature's gayest hour,
While pearls of dew adorn the grass,
And fragrance fills the air.

Up in the morning early,
And we will bound abroad,
And fill our hearts with melody,
And raise our songs to God.

O let us walk the world so that our love
Burn like a blessed beacon, beautiful
Upon the walls of life's surrounding dark!

Very little things are we;
O how mild we all should be:
Never quarrel—never fight,
That would be a shocking sight.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

God gives us nuts, but he does not crack them for us.

One does not fall when one does not think of it.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless,
Through the crowded, dusty way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause where now we hasten—
We would oftener look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.
If we knew, while pilgrims here,
The good that might be done,
We would find in every mind
Jewels that might be won.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.

If you would keep your friend, honor him when present, praise him when absent, and assist him in necessity.

Every beautiful, pure, and good thought which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

Man is a spirit, and the spirit is the man.

There lies in all wrong doing a germ of retribution that will punish the wrong sooner or later.

All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

Be thrifty to yourself that you may be liberal towards others.

Where do children love to go,
When the wintry breezes blow?
What is it attracts them so?

Where do children love to be,
When the summer birds we see,
Warbling praise on every tree?

Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

Praise too dearly loved or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.

Count that day lost whose slow descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.

Going to our heavenly home,
Singing as we go.

God is with me every day,
When I work and when I play;
When I read and when I talk;
When I run and when I walk;
When I eat and when I drink;
When I sit and only think;
When I laugh and when I cry,
God is ever, ever nigh.

Scorn is for devils; soft compassion lies
In angel hearts, and beams from angel eyes.

We should employ ourselves with our nearest duty.

Through life's crowded highways press—
Never fear;
Earnest toil insures success—
Persevere;
Let the indolent delay,
Let the haughty-minded frown;
Up and doing by the way—
Bear the cross and wear the crown—
Persevere.

Hopefully through dangers stride:
Never fear;
Truth will be a noble guide—
Persevere.
With a free and willing hand,
With a brave and cheerful heart,
With the true and toiling stand,
Striving to act well your part:
Persevere.

With a high and holy purpose,
Doing all thou hast to do;
Seeking ever man's upraising,
With the highest end in view.

Undepressed by seeming failure,
Unelated by success;
Hights attained revealing higher:
Onward, upward ever press.

Slowly moves the march of ages.
Slowly grows the forest king;
Slowly to perfection cometh
Every great and glorious thing.

To those who love flowers, they are a source of innocent and refined enjoyment.

Broadest streams from narrow sources;
Noblest trees from little seeds;
Mighty ends from small beginnings,
From lowly promise lofty deeds.

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the paths in which we move;
Bliss he makes and woe he lightens,
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sneers are ill-bred and uncharitable.

Are our pure affections glowing
Warm and bright?
Are our souls in beauty growing
Full of light?
Do we ever, by a holy, high endeavor,
Upward look and downward never?

Do we always to another
As though he
Were to us a friend and brother?
Humanly,
Do we never, by a willful act, dissever
Friends that might have loved forever?

Hope and labor, never faint,
Weak misgivings banish;
When the heart is strong and clear,
Obstacles will vanish.
Every effort, every hour,
Nerves the worker with new power.

Look upon life as a glorious whole,
Changing ever, never ending;
Look upon man as a living soul,
God and nature in him blending

Mysteries wondrous and grand unfold,
In the onward march of ages:
Slowly and surely time has unrolled
Truth's illuminated pages.

Deeply the miners will delve for gold,
Regal wealth to us revealing:
Wisdom has precious treasures untold,
Ignorance is now concealing.

Woe to every kind of education which destroys the means of obtaining true culture and points our attention to the end, instead of securing our happiness on the way.

Great and glorious art thou!
O our Father, and we now
Chant the honors of thy name,
And thy holy truth proclaim.

May our hearts be ever thine:
Fill our souls with love divine;
We would daily walk with thee,
O thou great Infinity.

People will love you until they discover your selfishness.

If you have an antipathy, try to do the person some kindness.

Questions and Answers.

[REMARKS.—It is not deemed expedient to introduce a text-book, or any form of the "Catechism," into our Children's Progressive Lyceums. There is much hazard in the method. It deprives the young spirit of its native freedom, and is a barrier to the flow of Intuition and Thought. The following, therefore, should be received by Leaders as suggestions. In the *first* stages of a School, perhaps, it may be best to give one or more of these "Questions and Answers" as a Lesson :]

QUESTION. What is the highest expression of Filial Love?

ANSWER. It is to love the Father with all my heart, and soul, and mind.

Q. What is the most unselfish expression of Fraternal Love?

A. It is to love my neighbor as I love myself.

Q. What do you believe?

A. I believe that all mankind are the children of God and Nature; that discord is the cause of all unhappiness; that harmony is heaven; that there is no death to the soul and spirit; that sins are not forgiven, but outgrown through repentance and a righteous life.

Q. Who are nearest the state called Heaven?

A. They who have healthy bodies and harmonious minds.

Q. Who shall see the love of God?

A. The pure in heart.

Q. Who shall obtain love and mercy?

A. The loving and merciful.

Q. Who are called the children of God?

A. The peace-makers, and those who do good.

Q. Who shall possess the blessed peace and rest of heaven?

A. They who continue in righteousness through all degrees of persecution.

Q. What is the light of the world?

A. Eternal Truth, which cannot be destroyed or hid.

Q. What are the most beautiful forms of truth?

A. Good works, which reveal the spirit of the Father which is in heaven.

Q. How long will truth continue to work?

A. Forever! Heaven and earth will pass away, but one jot or tittle shall not pass from the spirit of Truth.

Q. Who shall be called "great" in the Summer-Land?

A. He who loves truth in his deepest heart, and exemplifies it in all his relations to the world.

Q. Is it right to use profane language?

A. The voice of the highest Purity says:

"Swear not at all." The purest spirits use only words that are simple, pure, and plain.

Q. Is it just to resist evil?

A. It is not right to contend with evil, but rather, to go over or away from it toward what is good.

Q. Is it right to hate your enemies?

A. No. The impartial Father sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust, and his sun rises on the evil and on the good—so should we love our enemies—doing them good, and not harm.

Q. Can you become as good as God?

A. I am instructed by the Truth to be perfect, even as the Father in heaven is perfect.

Q. Can a man serve two masters?

A. No; it is impossible to serve both Truth and Error.

Q. What should you first seek?

A. I should seek first the harmony of God and his righteousness; then all that is good, true, and beautiful, shall be added unto me.

Q. Is it right to judge one's neighbor without evidence?

A. No. All prejudice is a moral misfortune—sometimes it is a crime—and will be succeeded by punishment and suffering.

Q. Who shall find the Truth?

A. They who sincerely and wisely seek for it.

Q. To whom shall the temple of Harmony be opened?

A. To those who lovingly knock at the door of Wisdom.

Q. What is the chief law in Progress?

A. Fraternal Love: Whatsoever we would that our neighbors should do unto us, *that* we should do unto them.

Q. Is the path of Wisdom and Justice easy to travel?

A. At first the gate is very strait, and the way is exceedingly narrow, but the path widens and becomes beautiful and pleasant as we advance.

Q. What is sin?

A. Sin is a name for excess—the blunder of man in his development—a ditch into which, when blinded by ignorance or passion, we stumble for a season.

Q. What is the consequence?

A. We become full of its pollutions. The deeper we plunge, the more polluted; so exceedingly soiled at last, we dread the daylight. We therefore (mentally) go into "outer darkness"—shirking the sunlight of honest eyes because of our debasement.

Q. What are man's highest attractions?

A. Man's best and highest attractions take their rise in the superior parts of the brain—the wisdom-region—from the organs of Benevolence, Veneration, Conscientiousness, Firmness, Self-respect, Hope, Sublimity, Ideality, and Marvelousness.

Q. What did God first reveal to man for the rule of his obedience?

A. God, by living in man's life from the very beginning, revealed to his wisdom-

faculties this law: "To be carnally-minded is death; to be spiritually-minded is life and peace."

Q. How did God reveal this law?

A. God revealed this law, first, in the social relations subsisting between man and man; second, in the "still small voice" called Intuition; third, by spirits and angels who watch lovingly over the earth, and who sometimes speak in visions, in dreams, and through principles.

Q. What is the sum of the spiritual commandments?

A. The sum of the spiritual commandments is to do good and harmonious works, for the redemption and ennoblement of mankind. Works, to be purely "good," must be wrought regardless of age, sex, complexion, belief, or reputation; because the Human Race is but One Family—all members of one body—in which there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Nazarene nor Greek, Ethiopian nor Anglo-Saxon.

Q. What is Beauty?

A. True beauty is that, without or within, which yields pleasure and awakens gratitude.

Q. What is forbidden by the law of Beauty?

A. The law of Beauty forbiddeth all physical habits which impair the most agreeable proportion of form or feature; and, especially, mental dispositions that could deface the richer Beauty with which the Father hath adorned the inner life. In deeds and in motives untold by the tongue—by chisel un-

carved, by poets unsung—the Beautiful lives in the depths of the soul.

Q. What is meant by personal righteousness?

A. By personal righteousness is meant the doing of whatsoever is RIGHT in the light of your own moral intuitions; the opposite of that which you believe to be wrong.

Q. What is true religion?

A. True religion is universal Justice—predicating the happiness of *all* upon the harmony of each.

Q. What are the sacraments of this religion?

A. The sacraments of this religion are: First, physical cleanliness and interior chastity; second, a heart full of devotional love to man and to Deity; third, a head full of serene, strong, steady wisdom; fourth, reverence for the marriage relation; fifth, the regeneration of the world through every humanitarian institution which promotes brotherly love, justice, and the welfare of the working classes.

Q. What is theology?

A. Theology is an intellectual inquiry concerning the personality and government of God. (Modern theology is ancient mythology gone to seed: a product of the poets and semi-philosophers of Egypt, Greece, and Rome.)

Q. Should little children practice prayer?

A. Little children should be taught that Father-God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him *in spirit* and *in truth.*

Children should not think of a position of the body, nor of words, but of living good lives and doing good for goodness' sake. The daily recollection and exercise of this aspiration is a prayer "in spirit;" while resisting temptation, speaking the truth, living peacefully, washing the body, learning wisdom, and doing good toward other children—this is a prayer "in truth;" and the Father seeketh such to worship him.

Q. What is a true spirit-prayer?

A. A true spirit-prayer, like the glory of morning dew, ascends noiselessly. The answer? *that* comes, welcome as the fall of rain, when the soul most needs nutrition.

Q. What is true morality?

A. True morality is the living out of one's *own ideas* and sentiments of religion.

Q. Who is the wisest?

A. He is the wisest man who comprehendeth the boundaries of his own ignorance, and does something every day to destroy them.

Q. Who is the greatest philanthropist?

A. He is the greatest philanthropist who does good from the love of good.

Q. Who is the most holy and the freest?

A. He is the most holy and the freest who never feels or acts contrary to his highest perception of Right.

Q. Who is the best neighbor?

A. He is the best neighbor who regulates his private affections and public deeds by the principles of Justice and Love.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

"Thy Kingdom Come."

How to Bring it.

1. In the Morning arise—resolved to do nothing against, but every thing for the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

2. Happiness for all being the object, let every action during the Day spring from such well-conceived and well-developed thoughts as lead to its attainment.

3. In the Evening retire—at Peace with yourself—at Peace with the divine principles of Universal Love and Wisdom.

"Thy Will be Done."

How to Do it.

1. Be instructed by the Past, and by all it has brought you.

2. Be thankful for the Present, and for all its blessings.

3. Be hopeful for the Future, and for all it promises to bring you.

Observe these Rules, and the Harmonies and the Angels of Father God will be with you, and 'Peace on Earth and good will toward Man' be realized.

Silver-Chain

RECITATIONS.

[The chief charm of these Recitations consists in the rapidly-recurring *alternations* in the pronunciation, causing the children to fix their thoughts on the whole *sense* of the subject-matter, so that they will be ready to recite the words which connect with what the Conductor has just spoken. The whole Lyceum reads one line, or one portion of the sentence, according to the sense ; then the Conductor reads the next succeeding words ; then all speak the next line, and then remain silent, as before, till the Conductor utters the portion that follows, and so on to the end.

Among the following selections of prose and verse, will be found Recitations suitable for almost every private or public occasion. They are instructive and devotional, and are as appropriate to adults as to the little ones of the home or Lyceum. At what are called funerals, when we assemble to celebrate, with due solemnity, the birth of a fellow-being into the Summer-Land—these "Recitations" are most appropriate and touchingly impressive. Every adult member of every society should be provided with this Manual, so that at *funerals*, as on other and very different occasions, all may be prepared to sing or recite, as the appointed Speaker or Leader may request.

The following passages of prose and poetry are submitted as examples of Silver Chain Recitations :]*

[No. 1.]

INVOCATION.

CONDUCTOR : God of the mountain !
CHILDREN : God of the storm !
CONDUCTOR : God of the flowers !
CHILDREN : God of the worm !
CONDUCTOR : God of the darkness !
CHILDREN : God of the sun !
CONDUCTOR : God of the beautiful !
CHILDREN : God of each one !
CONDUCTOR : Breathe on our spirits thy love and thy healing,
CHILDREN : Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing—
CONDUCTOR : Teach us to love thee,
CHILDREN : To love one another,
CONDUCTOR : Brother his Brother, and make us all free—
CHILDREN : Free from the shackles of ancient tradition,
CONDUCTOR : Free from the censure of man for his neighbor ;
CHILDREN : Help us each one to fulfill his true mission,
TOGETHER : And show us 'tis Godlike to labor!

* The children of the Groups are taught to walk gracefully through several healthful and instructive movements called "The Silver Chain," "The Golden Chain," "The Fountain's Flow," "The Diamond Crown," "The Constellation," "The Morning Stars," "The Dancing Stream," &c., &c. ; a description of which is reserved for a future edition of this little volume, when many important details, not essential in the first stages of this new organization for Youth, will be more fully set forth.

[No. 2.]

GRATITUDE.

Con. Holy Spirit of Wisdom and Love!

All. Our Father and our Mother!

Con. Infinite Source of Perfection and Power!

All. Beautiful Fountain of Purity and Truth!

Con. We thank Thee for the sun and moon and stars, and for the unfolded heavens, which declare thy omnipotence and glory!

All. We thank Thee for trees, for birds, for green fields, for streams, and for all the blessings of home and childhood.

Con. We thank Thee for the infinite universe, which showeth thy wisdom, goodness, and power.

All. We thank Thee for these human hearts, for the watchful love of parents, for the tender sympathy of friends, for the golden sunshine and gladness of life, and for the sacred presence of the ministering angels.

Con. We thank Thee for all things—past, present, and to come.

All. And unto Thee we will strive to be an honor and a glory, forever and forever.

[No. 3.]

OUR LORD AND OUR SHEPHERD.

Con. O holy Truth! Thou art our Lord and our Shepherd.

All. It maketh us free, and tranquil, and strong.

Con. We reverently seek Thee, O Truth! For Thou alone art our God and our Savior.

All. It leadeth us from evil, and showeth us the pleasant paths of righteousness.

Con. Truth is our Light, our Glory, and our Consolation.

All. It giveth us strength to walk through the valley of the shadow of death.

Con. Truth is our Father and our best Friend.

All. It filleth our hearts with holy life, and crowneth our life with immortality.

Con. Truth is our Maker and our Redeemer.

All. It feedeth us with heavenly love, and giveth wisdom and justice to all.

[No. 4]

FOUNTAIN OF DIVINE LOVE.*

Let us sing the praise of Love—
Holy Spirit! Heavenly dove!
Bringing, on its blessed wings,
Life to all created things.
Wheresoe'er its light is shed,
Sorrow lifts its drooping head,
And the tears of grief that start,
Turn to sunshine in the heart.
Love divine! all things are thine;
Every creature seeks thy shrine!
And thy boundless blessings fall
With an equal love on all.

---

* This beautiful original song was given by inspiration, March 26th, 1865. It was dictated by Anna Cora Wilson, known in the inner life by the pet name "Birdie," who said to Miss Doten (by whom the song was spoken) that it is often sung by children in the Summer-Land.

Let us sing the praise of Love,
Everywhere—around, above;
Watching with its starry eyes,
From the blue of boundless skies,
Heeding when the lowly call,
Mindful of a sparrow's fall,
Writing on the flower-wreathed sod,
"God is love, and love is God."
Love divine! all things are thine;
Every creature seeks thy shrine!
And thy boundless blessings fall
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love—
Fairest of all things above.
How its blessed sunshine lies
In the light of loving eyes!
And when words are all too weak,
How its deeds of mercy speak!
They who learn to love aright,
Pass from darkness into light.
Love divine! all things are thine;
Every creature seeks thy shrine!
And thy boundless blessings fall
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love—
Shepherd of the lambs above,
Nothing can forbid, that we
Come in trusting love to Thee.
Fold us closely to Thy heart,
Make us of Thyself a part;
All the heaven our souls have known,
We have found in Thee alone.
Love divine! all things are thine;
Every creature seeks thy shrine!
And thy boundless blessings fall
With an equal love on all.

[No. 5.]

ANGEL WATCHERS.

When the evening star is stealing
  Slowly from the azure sky;
And each lowly little flowret
  Softly shoots its dewy eye:

When each little bird is sleeping
  Sweetly in its downy nest;
And no sound the silence breaking,
  E'er intrudes to mar its rest:

When the dew is slowly falling
  On each leaf and folded flower;
And there seems a holy quiet
  In the stilly twilight hour:

Then it is, that friends departed
  Leave their happy homes above;
Then it is they come to cheer us,
  Whispering kindly words of love.

Then we seem to hear them saying,
  "Weep not for the loved ones flown;
For we live in a world where sorrow,
  Pain, and care, are forever gone:

"Where unfading flowers are blooming
  On the banks of crystal streams:
O, it is a world of beauty,
  Brighter far than poet-dreams.

"Let your lives be pure and holy,
  Lend to all a helping hand;
And when life is done, you'll join us,
  In the happy Summer-Land."

[No. 6.]

A TRUE PRAYER.

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done
In earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day
Our daily bread,
And forgive us our debts,
As we forgive our debtors;
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

[No. 7.]

ETERNAL LIFE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mold'ring ashes sleep
Low in the ground—

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.

[No. 8.]

BEYOND DEATH'S CLOUDY PORTALS.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
  Beyo ıd death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
  Where love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
  Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
  But blooms for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
  How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
  Through those enchanted bowers;

The city's shining towers we may not see
  With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
  That opes the gate elysian;

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
  A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
  Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
  Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
  And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
  Father, all-wise, eternal!
Oh, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine,
  Into those pastures vernal.

[No. 9.]

A THANKSGIVING.

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no ax may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches—
The birdlings' timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod—
For the waving of the forests,
We thank thee, oh, our God!

For the buds that throng to gladden
The toiler's plodding way;
For the bursting of fresh roses
With every new-born day;
For the bare twigs, that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
We thank thee, oh, our God!

For the sound of waters gushing
In bubbling beads of light:
For the fleets of snow-white lilies—
Firm anchors out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies—
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
We thank thee, oh, our God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges
Whence giant cedars nod,
For the majesty of mountains,
We thank thee, oh, our God!

For an eye of inward seeing—
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
Which our high heirship prove;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of being,
We thank thee, oh, our God!

[No. 10.]

INVOKING THE ANGELS.

CONDUCTOR. CHILDREN.

Angels of Light!.....Angels of Love!
Angels of Goodness!.....Angels of God!
Angels of Harmony!.....Angels of Heaven!
Angels of Progress!.....Angels of Peace!
Angels of Music!.....Angels of Mercy!
Angels of Purity!.....Angels of Power!
Angels of Sadness!.....Angels of Joy!
Angels of Silence!.....Angels of Song!
Angels of Brightness!....Angels of Beauty!
Angels of Immensity!....Angels of Humanity!

O come! from your realms of glory supernal;
Come! with love from fountains eternal.
Come! to our valleys of sorrow and gloom;
Come! from the Lands of Summer and bloom.
Bring peace on earth to men of good will!
Bring beautiful blessings from mountain and rill!
Flood our low homes with love and with light!
Speak to our hearts in the stillness of night!
Teach us the way, the truth, and the life!
Lead us from error, from anger, and strife!
Let your light go before us on land and on sea!
Let your love encircle us where'er we be!
Bless us and help us to rise when we fall!
And forever we'll thank you through the Father of All!

[No 11.]

HEAVENLY BLESSINGS.

Blessed are the poor in spirit;
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn;
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek;
For they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness;
For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful;
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart
For they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers;
For they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake;
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

[No. 12.]

THE REALITY OF LIFE.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art—to dust returnest"—
Was not spoken of the soul!

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end and way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Trust no Future—howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act—act in the living Present—
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time—

Footprints which, perhaps, another,
Sailing o'er Life's troubled main—
A forlorn and shipwrecked Brother—
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate—
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

[No. 13.]

JOURNEYING TO THE SUMMER-LAND.

We are journeying on together,
We are joined, both heart and hand,
We are passing o'er the river
To our much-loved Summer-Land;

Where, with hearts attuned to pleasure,
We shall join the concert band
Of our Father's own dear children,
In our birth-right Summer-Land.

There shall sorrow cease forever,
Pleasure never go astrand;
But in peans to the Savior
Swell throughout the Summer-Land.

For the Savior of Progression
Shall illuminate the Soul,
Filling it with choicest treasure,
From the Soul of beauty's goal.

Hath heart or wisdom taught it,
'Mid ages gone before?
Ah, no! 'twas left to be imparted
By echoes from the shore

Of that river, pure as crystal,
Sung by John in days of yore,
Called the Summer-Land of beauty,
Or Eternity's bright shore.

[No. 14.]

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Come the messengers divine—
Take the vacant chair beside me,
Lay their gentle hands in mine;

And they sit and gaze upon me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer—
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from their lips of air.

[No. 15.]

GOD IS LOVE.

Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance;
All around and all above
Hath this record—God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden—God is love.

All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, God is love.

[No. 16.]

THE SOUL'S BIRTHRIGHT.

There are treasures of good in the human soul
That can never be counted, nor sung, nor told;
The lowliest son of the valley-sod
An image bears of his Father-God;
The vilest wretch in the haunts of crime,
The howling serf in a despot's clime—
The groaning slave on a southern shore,
Cursing his manacles evermore—
The woman-heart that to vice hath stooped,
By love bewildered and treachery duped,
Lost on the shoreless, waveless sea
Of pitiless, merciless misery—
The sobbing child with its garments torn,
Its feet all bloody, and cold, and worn—
The dungeon-martyr, the bondman's friend,
The heroes who never to error bend—
All these—all these, in the deep soul bear
An immortal image, pure and fair,
Of the Parent Soul, of the Presence grand,
Whose Home is the Spirit's Fatherland.
Then level the scepter of Pope and Priest,
And call their victims to Reason's feast!
Gather the beggars wan and pale,
Strengthen the hands and the hearts that fail.
Touch the electric chain of love
That links each soul to its home above,
And pour o'er the sea of human feeling
Joys that the angels are revealing!
Thus will the changeless, and good, and true,
Like a deathless song be aroused anew—
And Religion, long but an exiled name,
Joyfully haste to the world again.

[No. 17.]

GOD THE UNIVERSAL GOOD.

See through the air, the ocean, and the earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being, which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect which no eye can see,
No glass can reach—from infinite to thee:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect in mankind that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To God, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Submit, in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hands of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.

[No. 18.]

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There's no such thing as death
To those who think aright;
'Tis but the racer casting off
What most impedes his flight;
'Tis but one little act
Life's drama must contain—
One struggle, keener than the rest,
And then an end to pain.

There's no such thing as death—
That which is thus miscalled
Is life escaping from the chains
That have so long enthralled;
'Tis a once hidden star,
Piercing through the night,
To shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light.

There's no such thing as death—
In Nature nothing dies;
From each sad remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise.
The faded leaf that falls,
All sere and brown, to earth,
Ere long will mingle with the shapes
That give the flowret birth.

There's no such thing as death;
'Tis but the blossom spray,
Sinking before the coming fruit
That seeks the summer's ray;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the perfect flower;
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,
And weariness for power.

[No. 19.]

THE SPIRIT OF BROTHERHOOD.

Abou Ben-Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben-Adhem bold,
And to the vision in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names which love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben-Adhem's name led all the rest.

[No. 20]

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Guardian angels, guardian angels!
They are with us night and day,
Dropping flowers of love the brightest
As they watch us on our way.
In our sorrows, in our troubles,
They with care around us throng,
Ever guarding us from danger,
Ever shielding us from wrong.

Guardian angels, guardian angels!
Are a source of comfort here;
They prepare our every blessing,
Bring us all we hold most dear—
Turn aside those ills and trials
Which our spirits could not brook;
But for them, we all should stumble—
Fall at every step we took.

Guardian angels, guardian angels!
Still your benedictions pour;
On our hearts the joys of truth,
The light of virtue ever shower;
Teach us how we may our blessings
Ever cherish, still increase,
And grant that every flower we pluck
May be a flower of love—of peace—
Guardian angels!

[No. 21.]

THY WILL BE DONE.

Father of all, in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
To enjoy is to obey.
If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way!
Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;

That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

This day be bread and peace my lot;
  All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
  And let thy will be done.
To thee, whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
  All Nature's incense rise!

[No. 22.]

BENEATH THE STARS.

In the holy hush of even,
  When the day has gone to rest,
And her cares, and doubts, and trials
  Sleep like babes upon her breast;
When no busy strife or bustle
  The sweet dream-like quiet mars;
Oh what fancies flit before us
  As we sit beneath the stars.

Starry jewels flash and glitter
  In the night's imperial crown,
Like the clear, pure eyes of angels
  Looking coldly, calmly down;
And the flash of pearly portals,
  And the gleam of golden bars,
Pass before us in our musings
  As we gaze upon the stars.

Oh had we the mystic vision
  Of Chaldea's seers of old,
Who in all the stars above them
  The fate of worlds behold,

What commotions and what changes,
What wild triumphs, toils and wars,
Might we read in silver letters
On the tablet of the stars.

When the soft blue sky of even
Seems an inland lake of rest,
With the gleaming snow-white lilies
Sleeping on its peaceful breast,
Then the airy hand of Fancy
Pushes back the golden bars,
Till we seem to see the glory
Of the world beyond the stars.

Then the fleecy cloudlets flashing
In the moonbeams' pearly rays,
Seem like wandering wings of angels
Slowly floating through the haze;
Or like straying peris drifting
In their light, aerial cars,
From their paradise of beauty
In the land beyond the stars.

Starry lamps seem watchfires, lighted
By some loved, departed hand,
To allure our wandering footsteps
To the distant spirit-land.
So that, looking through the dimness
That the earthly vision mars,
We may bow in admiration
Before Him who made the stars.

When at last life's toils are over,
And we fold our hands in rest,
As day folds her rosy pinions
In the chambers of the West;
When its mortal band no longer
The freed spirit's light debars,
May we rise to dwell forever
In the world beyond the stars.

[No. 23.]

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched out to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed—
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things can never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust on high,
These hands have clasp'd, these lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse, that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfading record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass—for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, and just, and true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

[No. 24.]

UNDYING FRIENDSHIP.

Wandering o'er the cities olden,
Of the far-off Eastern shore,
Where the bending sky is golden
Evermore,
Ruined castles meet the vision,
Broken fanes and moldering spires,
Once the home—the grand elysian—
Of our sires.

Not like these are Friendship's treasures;
Boundless as the rushing sea—
Fadeless as the golden sunshine
Circling thee,
Is the love that bursts upon us
From the hearts we know the best—
From the souls that ever yield us
Soothing rest.

And from o'er the stormy ocean,
From beyond the raging sea,
Which with shattered bark we traverse
Wearily,
Come the still and gentle voices
Of the loved ones gone before,
Telling us of friendships blighted
Nevermore.

[No. 25.]

THE IMMORTAL POWER OF LOVE.

As within the sacred portals,
  In the old monastic days,
Swelled the anthem of th' immortals,
  "Praise to God, immortal praise:"
So we now would lift the anthem,
  Consecrate our joy to God—
Not because we're in a temple
  Like to those that saints once trod—
But because our souls outgushing
  Form a dome of noble thought,
And our hope, in prayers upstreaming,
  Rises here in beauty wrought.
Though these walls have no rare pictures
  Painted by a Michael,
We can look on scenes of glory
  That no artist can reveal;
Though no saints are in our niches,
  Carved from blocks of faultless stone,
Yet we know that saints are with us
  Helping all our labors on.
All the pomp, and pride, and fashion,
  Priests once gave to church and fane;
But we give to saints immortal
  Wealth that loving hearts contain.
They once thought to enter heaven
  By the wafer and the wine,
But we seek the living water,
  And we ask for bread divine.
Holy spirits! ye who usher
  In the day of truth and love,
Bring us gifts from off the altars
  Of your own blest spheres above.
Then we'll feel the fire of heaven
  Kindling in our waiting hearts,

And we'll know our God is with us
  By the life its warmth imparts;
And as true and loving brothers
  We will wage a noble strife—
Daily met in one great temple
  Of a true harmonious life,
'Mid whose high and fretted arches
  We may hear the angels sing,
To whose fair and unstained altars
  We may every purpose bring.
Thus the temple shall be builded,
  Reaching to the heavens above:
Consecrate to God the Father,
  Because built of human love.

[No. 26.]

ANOTHER HAPPY YEAR.

Thanks to our heavenly Father!
  Though angels tune his praise,
He will permit his children
  Their humbler song to raise.
Thanks to our heavenly Father!
  Whose love protects us here,
And spares us yet to welcome
  Another happy year.

For all the years departed,
  For all the years to come,
For all the thousand blessings
  That crown our happy home,
For all our loving kindred,
  For all the friends we claim
We thank our heavenly Father,
  And bless his holy name!

[No. 27.]

ANGELS DRAW THE VAIL.

The sunrise angels draw the vail
  That hid the heavens from sight;
The armies of the skies prevail,
  For God speeds on the right.
Earth hears the mighty voice of God,
  And from its night upsprings;
And love and wisdom fly abroad
  With morning on their wings.
The fetters break—the shackles fall;
  The bars of death are riven:
Sweet hope and mercy comfort all,
  And earth communes with heaven.
Then let us greet the angel throngs,
  And own dear heaven's control;
And celebrate, with holy songs,
  The Sabbath of the soul.
The morning bells of Paradise
  Chime to our hearts' delight;
We hear the voices of the skies,
  The melodies of light.
We see the white cathedral spires,
  Upbuilt in heaven above;
We hear the saintly angel choirs
  Chant matin hymns of love.
'Tis sunrise in the Morning-Land,
  And with our inner sight,
We see the white-robed spirit-band
  Aglow with glorious light.
Above the fading sunset gold
  Celestial spheres outshine;
Come, holy spirits, come, and fold
  Our longing souls in thine.
With kindled heart and quickened mind
  The angel-world we see;
And oh, our spirits seek to find
  Eternal life with thee.

[No. 28.]

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

There's learning, pleasant learning,
In Nature's ample book;
Its leaves are wide unfolded,
For all who care to look.
And there are gentle lessons,
In Summer's blooming walks;
And wisdom in each little flower,
Though silently it talks.

There's music, joyous music,
In Spring birds' caroled lay,
As through the fields of ether blue
Their bright forms soar away.
There's grandeur, solemn grandeur,
In storm-clouds' airy sweep,
That move in sullen majesty,
Above the heaving deep.

And there are holy teachings
In evening's quiet hour,
When stars are brightly peeping
From out their heavenly bower.
There's beauty, glowing beauty,
In morning tints so bright,
While o'er the waking earth is poured,
A flood of golden light.

In all the world of beauty,
Spread out before our sight,
Bright lessons wisdom has engraved,
In characters of light.
O Nature; bounteous Nature,
Thine Author dwells above;
Thy teachings are of heavenly truth,
Thy motto—"God is love."

[No 29.]

HYMN OF THE ANGELS.

O Sacred Presence! Life Divine!
We rear for thee no gilded shrine;
Unfashioned by the hand of Art,
Thy temple is the childlike heart.
No tearful eye, no bended knee,
No servile speech we bring to Thee;
For Thy great love tunes every voice,
And makes each trusting soul rejoice.

We will not mock Thy holy name
With titles high, of empty fame,
For Thou, with all Thy works and ways,
Art far beyond our feeble praise;
But, freely as the birds that sing,
The soul's spontaneous gift we bring;
And, like the fragrance of the flowers,
We consecrate to Thee our powers.

All souls in circling orbits run
Around Thee, as their central sun;
And, as the planets roll and burn,
To Thee, O Lord, for light we turn.
Nor Life, nor Death, nor Time, nor Space,
Shall rob us of our name or place;
But we shall love Thee, and adore
Through endless ages, evermore!

[No. 30.]

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in love expressed,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart depressed,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

[No. 31]

INVOCATION TO SCIENCE.

Fair science, bright, from realms of light,
We yield thee homage ever;
We're gathered here—a band sincere,
To ask thy smiles forever;
Oh! haste the day, when thy blest sway,
To this wide earth is given,
And light shall shine around thy shrine,
Like beams from smiling heaven.

We've joined to raise for ardent gaze
The vail that hides thy glory;
And joyous pore o'er ancient lore,
And famed heroic story.
We've sought to trace through endless space
The path of worlds, bright gleaming;
And hand in hand thy pages scanned,
Where heavenly truth is beaming.

And now we'll bear thy mandates fair,
To youth that cluster round us;
And ever raise glad notes of praise
For blessings that surround us.
Oh! haste the day when thy blest sway
To this wide earth is given;
And light shall shine around thy shrine,
Like beams from smiling Heaven.

[No. 32.]

LIFE'S GOLDEN HOURS.

Life's a round of golden hours—
Let the bright sand run;
Gather the bloom of the early flowers
Ere the day be done:
Weave thy garland fresh with roses—
Let the red leaves cast
O'er the bower where Love reposes
Fragrance to the last.

Life's a stream where all must lave—
Would'st thou dip so deep?
Jewels lie beneath the wave—
Soon we sink to sleep.
Freight thy bark with joy and pleasure;
Let the rude winds play:
Hope's sweet breath shall waft the treasure
O'er the trackless way.

Life's a dream whose outward seeming
Yields a smile or sigh;
He who looks for hidden meaning,
Nothing learns but—all must die!
Standing then upon the portal,
Truth, the guiding star,
Whispering of a soul immortal,
Points to worlds afar.

[No. 33.]

HEART AND HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the world has builded!

Home!—go watch the faithful dove
  Sailing 'neath the heavens above us—
Home is where there's one to love,
  Home is where there's one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room—
  It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
  Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
  None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
  When there's one we love, to meet us!

[No. 34.]

THE VOICE OF MUSIC.

Sweet music cheers the spirit,
  And joy speaks out in song;
It gives the timid courage,
  It makes the feeble strong.

It soothes the anxious bosom,
  It brings the weary rest;
Disarms the base and evil,
  And better makes the best.

The elements speak music
  In every leafy grove;
And all the birds, in music,
  Are telling forth their love.

To us who here are singing,
  Have human minds been given;
And we should feel that music
  Is but a voice from Heaven.

[No. 35.]

THE HOLINESS OF LOVE.

Almighty Love! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord our God, the everlasting Father and Mother of all.

In thee all live, and move, and have their being.

To thee all spirits and angels bow and cling, with an immortal attraction.

Thou, O Love divine! dwellest in the everlasting life of our hearts; not with our lips only, but in our lives, we would honor and glorify thee.

In thee we seek for the Holy Mother of Wisdom; in thee we behold the true Christ; and in thee we find the Holy Ghost of the Father everlasting.

The virgin mother of Wisdom is virtue; the true Christ is love to God and love to man; and the Holy Ghost is the sacred presence of Truth in the heart.

We therefore pray to thee, O divine Love! and would beseech thee to give us grace, and beauty, and holiness, and virtue, and gentleness, so that we may exemplify thy Spirit, and walk in righteousness all our days.

Make us tender, and trustful, and kind always, one to another; and save us, and save all, from breaking thy commandments.

O Holy Love! our Father and our Mother—let the heavens and the earth manifest thy infinite tenderness, so that the kingdom of God and his will may be unfolded and realized on earth.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

[No. 36.]

THE GLORY OF GOD.

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.
The Lord reigneth with honor and majesty.
He spreadeth the heavens like a curtain.
He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters.
He maketh the clouds his chariot.
He walketh upon the wings of the wind.
He maketh his angels spirits.
And I, John, beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels.
And the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.

[No. 37.]

WAIT! MY LITTLE ONE, WAIT!

"Wait, my little one, wait!
When you get to the beautiful Land:
Tarry a little, my darling,
Ere you join the heavenly band;
Stand close to the shining gates of pearl,
Look out on the narrow way;
For I want the first glance of heaven-born-sight
On my little one to stray.

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you reach the courts above,
Look down with the light of thy beautiful eyes
On those that you used to love.
Whisper sweet dreams in our earthly ears
When we lie down to sleep;
Paint bright pictures before our eyes
When we awaken to weep.

Wait! my little one, wait!
When you reach the celestial strand;
For the rest of us will be toiling up
To the hights of the Summer-Land;
For the years that fall like molten lead
On the hearts this side of the sea,
Will pass like the light of a beautiful dream,
My little one, o'er thee."

SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS AND SOCIETIES.

Singing is a spiritual exercise—an element of heavenly worship—and our aim should be to unfold its true spirit and highest perfection. Our highest faculties are called into exercise by musical harmonies; and singing, with instrumental music as an accompaniment, is a medium by which many of our noblest sentiments and holiest aspirations find truest expression.

The beautiful songs and truthful hymns embodied in this little work, have been written and selected with special reference to the immediate wants of the different Lyceums. It was not deemed appropriate to make an effort to supply both music and poetry in a Manual so limited as this; but it is hoped that some competent mind will undertake the important and necessary work at no distant day. "A Manual of Music and Songs for Children's Lyceums and Progressive Societies," will soon be the demand of the country. And to provide for that want, it is now suggested that, when there shall be instituted forty or more Lyceums, a *Committee on Music* be appointed by them, to whom shall be submitted all poetry for songs and hymns, and all such tunes or music, whether original or selected, as may be offered for the purpose. If this Committee be chosen by vote of the majority of Officers and Leaders in all the Lyceums, they may not only compile and authorize a book with the words and tunes on the same page; but they

may also fix the amount of compensation to be paid to authors who may contribute to such a publication. This plan is hinted at merely, because it is not probable that an *individual* taste, or a compilation of poetry and tunes by one mind, could meet with a universal acceptance, unless such individual be first chosen and appointed by the different Lyceums and Societies most interested. For the sake of compactness, the four parts might be written on two staves, and in fact a new and improved system of notation might be adopted, making a kind of Phonetic brevity in the writing and learning of music.

If it be accepted as self-evident that devotional singing is a part of the individual soul's spiritual exercise, it follows that the custom of surrendering to a select few, called a choir, the privilege of singing at public meetings, is practically depriving a multitude of the right of giving musical expression to their highest feelings, and therefore the friends of Progress should henceforth abolish the custom, as subversive of the sacred privileges and purposes of pure and harmonious song. A choir, composed of four voices, a quartette well-harmonized, is essential as the basis of congregational singing. Let every member of a progressive Lyceum, as well as of every spiritualistic congregation, provide himself and herself with the songs and hymns sung by the choir. (Of course, for congregational purposes, tunes of extreme intervals or complicated construction would be wholly out of place.) The choir can rapidly drill a multitude to sing very acceptably on the Silver-Chain principle. The air may be sung by a clear-voiced solo singer, and the whole congregation can come in on the chorus; or the choir may sing the first line, and the people can respond on the second, and so on, alternately, until the song or hymn is

completed. The effect is remarkably impressive, harmonizing, and tranquilizing; and it is hoped earnestly that the method will not be long neglected.

In this Manual will be found hymns and songs adapted to almost every occasion that may arise—for the home circle, for public festivals, for patriotic occasions, for anniversaries, for pic-ncis and excursions, for religious singing by congregations, and for funerals. Our regret is that the variety must be limited. Songs and hymns, not set to familiar tunes, may be sung to tunes published in the "Psalms of Life," "The Athenæum Collection," "Sabbath-School Bell," "Band of Hope," either of which may be obtained at music stores in almost every city. The Musical Directors of the different Lyceums have written new music to many pieces in this collection. (By addressing the Conductors of Lyceums, some knowledge of the new songs and new tunes may be obtained.)

Much of the poetry in this department is appropriate for "Silver-Chain Recitations"—so also may many good songs and hymns be found in the Silver-Chain department. The Musical Director should have suitable opportunities for meeting with the Children for purposes of rehearsals. The importance of musical knowledge cannot be exaggerated. A human soul should be able to sing "with the understanding," as well as "with the spirit," and Childhood is the time to plant the germs of musical knowledge, the time to awaken a sincere love and respect for the songs and hymns of progress.

The best singers in the Groups may be separated from the indifferent ones, and drilled for public exhibitions. By practicing and perfecting a few girls and boys, selected from the different Groups, their voices will become acquainted and blended with each

other, and thus harmonized. This will be an encouragement to others, and the result will be the advancement and happiness of the whole school.

The finest music, both vocal and instrumental, should flow from the happy Children in our Progressive Lyceums. Let music be awakened in every family circle. It hath a heavenly significance and a value that cannot perish. In the home, in the Lyceum, and on public occasions, let music be prominent and abundant. It is at once an emotional luxury and the interpreter of the heart's holiest aspirations.

[No. 1.]

The Song of Welcome.

[TUNE: "*Marching Along.*"]

The children are gathering from far and from near,
The angels of Eden are journeying here,
The arches resound with their welcoming song,
We'll join in the anthem and be marchingalong.

Chorus: Marching along,
Marching along,
We'll join in the anthem and be marching along;
The arches resound with their welcoming song,
Then join in the anthem and be marching along.

The loved are before us in gentle array,
In wisdom they guide us from day unto day;
To battle with error by precept and song,
We'll gird on our armor and be marching along.

Chorus: Marching along, &c.

From searching for Truth, we will never turn back,
To the mountain's far hight we will follow the track;
With hand joined in hand, and with step firm and strong,
We will strike for the Right and be marching along.
Chorus: Marching along, &c.

We know that the joy of the bright Summer-Land
Will crown all the toil of our truth-loving band;
The beauty and bliss of the angelic throng
We'll hail with rejoicing and be marching along.
Chorus: Marching along, &c.

[No. 2.]

Triumph of Truth.

[TUNE: "*Onward, Onward, Band Victorious.*"]

Onward, onward! band victorious,
Rear the Lyceum banner high;
Thus far has your course been glorious,
Now your day of triumph's nigh.
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies the sun;
Onward, vict'ry hovers o'er you—
Soon the battle will be won!
Yes, yes! onward, vict'ry hovers o'er you;
Soon the battle will be won!

Onward, onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch,
Wheresoe'er your standard rises,
And your conquering legions march!
Gird the Lyceum armor on you:
Look for Guidance from above;
God and angels smile upon you—
Hasten to your work of love!
Yes, yes! God and angels smile upon you;
Hasten to your work of love!

To the erring and the suff'rer,
Speak the truth with kindly tone;
Make them better, make them nobler—
Live not for yourself alone!
Onward, onward! never falter:
Cease not till the earth is free;
And let no one call God Father,
Who will not man's brother be.
Yes, yes! And let no one call God Father,
Who will not man's brother be!

[No. 3.]

Morn amid the Mountains.

Morn amid the mountains—
Lovely solitude!
Gushing streams and fountains
Murmur "God is good."
Murmur, murmur, murmur "God is good."

Now, the glad sun, breaking,
Pours a golden flood ;
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, "God is good."
Echo, echo, echo "God is good."

Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood ;
Songsters sweetly singing,
Warble, "God is good."
Warble, warble, warble "God is good."

Wake, and join the chorus,
Child, with soul endued ;
God, whose smile is o'er us,
Evermore is good.
Ever, ever, evermore is good.

[No. 4.]

Voices from the Spirit-Land.

In the silence of the midnight,
When the cares of day are o'er,
In my soul I hear the voices
Of the loved ones gone before ;
Hear them words of comfort whisp'ring,
That they'll watch on every hand ;
And I love, I love to list to
Voices from the Spirit-Land.

In my wanderings oft there cometh
Sudden stillness to my soul,

When around, above, within it,
Rapturous joys unnumbered roll;
Though around me all is tumult,
Noise and strife on every hand,
Yet within my soul, I list to
Voices from the Spirit-Land.

Loved ones that have gone before me,
Whisper words of peace and joy;
Those that long since have departed
Tell me their divine employ
Is to watch and guard my footsteps;
Oh, it is an angel band!
And my soul is cheered in hearing
Voices from the Spirit-Land.

[No. 5.]

The Angels of God.

How cheering the thought, that the angels of God
Do bow their bright wings to the world they once trod;
Do leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to guide some poor wanderer home;
Some brother to lead from a darkened abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

They come when we wander, they come when
we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given:
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

[No. 6.]

Chant the Chorus.

Come, my friends, and join with me,
In a social song;
We will sing triumphantly,
As we march along.
Chorus: Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Chant the chorus grand;
Let us sing with hearts and voices,
Of the Summer-Land.

Come, dear children, come with me,
Joyfully along;
Join us in our Jubilee,
Many thousand strong.
Chorus: Fathers, mothers, &c.

Not of Zion's gems and gold,
Promised to the Jew;
Nor the Christian's narrow fold,
For the faithful few.
Chorus: Fathers, mothers, &c.

[No. 7.]

Music of Nature.

[The following is set to beautiful and appropriate Music, which can be obtained of Mr. M. B. Dyott, Conductor of the Philadelphia Lyceum, No. 114 South Second street. Other Music may also be obtained of him.]

There' music in the midnight breeze,
  There's music in the morn ;
The day-beam and the gentle eve
  Sweet sounds have ever borne.
The valley hath its welcome notes,
  The grove its tuneful throng,
And ocean's mighty caverns teem
  With Nature's endless song.

The winds that sweep the mountain top,
  Their joyous echoes bear ;
Young zephyrs on the streamlet play,
  And make sweet music there.
With rustling sounds the forest leaves
  Bend to the passing breeze,
And pleasant is the busy hum
  Of pleasure-seeking bees.

The heart, too, has its thrilling chords—
  A consecrated fount,
From which inspiring melodies
  To heaven in gladness mount.
And Nature's chart is lent that man
  May join the myriad throng

Of all her glorious works in one
Harmonious burst of song.

But there is music sweeter far
Than Nature's fairest song,
Though borne upon the summer-breeze,
It gently floats along.
It is the music of the spheres;
In tones sublimely grand
It echoes from our future home—
The glorious Summer-Land.

[No. 8.]

Glory be to Thee.

O great Infinity! to Thee
Our grateful hearts we raise;
The love that fills immensity
Inspires us with thy praise.
Glory be to Thee!

We love Thee for this beauteous earth,
Its mountains, vales, and flowers,
Where saints and angels had their birth,
And spent life's morning hours.
Glory be to Thee!

We bless Thee for the jeweled crown
That decks the brow of night;
For the rich sunshine coming down,
Life-giving heat and light.
Glory be to Thee!

We bless Thee for the love divine
That fills the universe;
And for the wisdom that will shine
When error's clouds disperse.
Glory be to Thee!

[No. 9.]

Kind Words can Never Die.

Kind words can never die—
Cherished and blest,
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast:
Like Childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go thro' all years and climes
The heart to cheer.
Chorus: Kind words can never die, never die,
Kind words can never die, no never die.

Childhood can never die—
Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the memory,
Bright to the last.
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisy spring
Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
Far, far away.
Chorus: Childhood can never die, &c.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though like the flowers

Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours.
But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
They bloom again.
Chorus: Sweet thoughts can never die, &c.

Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapt in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay,
Souls pass in peace away,
Live through eternal day
With God above.
Chorus: Our souls can never die, &c.

[No. 10.]

A Vesper Song.

Whene'er the day with golden light
Adorns our ways,
Let us in heart and voice unite
To sing God's praise.

When in the silent hush of night
Our labors close,
Let us in vesper songs unite,
Ere we repose.

Let us our Father's goodness sing,
In glowing strains;
And make the star-crowned welkin ring
With our refrains.

Whenever we together meet,
O God of love!
We will our grateful song repeat,
And choirs above

Will catch the incense of our praise,
And waft it on
Till all together anthems raise
In unison.

[No. 11.]

The Beautiful Angel Band.

Mother, dear mother, they're calling me now;
Behold, in the beautiful west,
With a bright crown decking each youthful brow,
They come from the land of the blest.
They are clothed in garments of spotless white,
And a harp of gold in their hand,
They come from the land of celestial light,
The beautiful angel band.
Chorus: The angel band, the angel band,
The beautiful angel band.

Mother, dear mother, oh list to their song,
How it steals through the soft night air;
O'er the golden hill doth the strain prolong,
Where the water of life grows fair.
I long to be singing that heavenly strain,
In that glorious golden land,
And join, when I'm free from all earthly pain,
The beautiful angel band.
Chorus: The angel band, &c.

[No. 12.]

Funeral Song.

[TUNE: "*Rosa Lee.*"]

Lo! our loved one prostrate lies—
Mournful seems this mystery;
Death came in unfriendly guise:
Angels whisper this to me.
Bring the pure immortelles now,
Twine them for her pallid brow;
Her love-lit eyes are closed in death:
The rose-hues faded with her breath.

Chorus: Angel voices murmur low,
Love will live eternally,
As they o'er the river go,
Singing sweetest melody.

We on earth no more may meet—
Mournful seems this mystery;
We may hold communion sweet:
Angels whisper this to me.
We may not her form discern;
Yet we know she will return.
She's gone to join a noble band,
Who love her in the Summer-Land.

Chorus: Angel voices, &c.

They are calling, "Come away"—
Mournful seems this mystery:
"Come with us," she heard them say:
Angels whisper this to me.

Come where skies are bright and clear;
Loving friends await you here—
Await you on the silver shore
Of that bright river you go o'er.
Chorus: Angel voices, &c.

Let us weep for her no more:
Glorious seems this mystery;
She has only gone before—
Angels whisper this to me.
She will come to us in love,
With sweet tidings from above:
Her loving gentle spirit still
Will long our souls with joy to fill.
Chorus: Angel voices, &c.

[No. 13.]

We're Going Home.

We're going home—we've had visions bright
Of that holy land—that world of light,
Where the long, dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last:
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home:
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing round.
O that beautiful world! O that beautiful world!

We're going home—we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear, and all are free:

Where the victors' song floats o'er the plains,
And the seraphs' anthems blend with its strains;
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good;
Where stars, once dimmed at Nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom.
O that beautiful world! O that beautiful world!

'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness;
'Mid the verdant plains—'mid angels' cheer,
'Mid the throng that dwell in that bright sphere,
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall prove
The depth of a Father's matchless love.
O that beautiful world! O that beautiful world!

[No. 14.]

The Picnic Song.

Merrily every heart is bounding,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Joyfully now the news is sounding—
Joyfully oh! joyfully oh!
To the woods we go,
Where the violets grow—
Where the violets grow,
To the woods we go.
Merrily every heart is bounding,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Merrily, &c.

Cheerily every face is beaming,
Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
Playfully every eye is gleaming,
Playfully oh! playfully oh!
In the fields away,
We will rove to-day—
We will rove to-day,
In the fields away.
Merrily every heart is bounding,
Merrily oh! merrily oh!
Merrily, &c.

[No. 15.]

Truth is Marching On.

[TUNE: "*John Brown.*"]

Error's teachings shall molder in the grave,
Error's teachings shall molder in the grave,
Error's teachings shall molder in the grave,
While truth is marching on!

Glory, glory hallelujah,
Glory, glory hallelujah,
Glory, glory hallelujah,
While Truth is marching on.

Let's be brave soldiers in the army of the good,
Let's be brave soldiers in the army of the good,

Let's be brave soldiers in the army of the good,
Now Truth is marching on!

Glory, &c.,
Now Truth is marching on!

Joyfully we'll strap life's burdens to the back,
Joyfully we'll strap life's burdens to the back,
Joyfully we'll strap life's burdens to the back,
So Truth is marching on!

Glory, &c.,
So Truth is marching on!

Angels will come to meet us on the way,
Angels will come to meet us on the way,
Angels will come to meet us on the way,
If we are marching on!

Glory, &c.,
If we are marching on!

They will teach us wisdom and love,
They will teach us wisdom and love,
They will teach us wisdom and love,
As we go marching on!

Glory, &c.,
As we go marching on!

Now, three cheers for the good time coming,
Now, three cheers for the good time coming,
Now, three cheers for the good time coming,
For Truth is marching on!

Glory, &c.,
For Truth is marching on!

[No. 16.]

Away to Freedom.

[TUNE: "*Dixie's Land.*"]

O'er freedom's land the skies are glowing—
Fair and free the world is growing.
March away! March away! March away to freedom!
There happy homes are freshly springing—
Joyful hearts are ever singing:
March away! March away! March away to freedom!

Chorus: Then let us march for freedom, away! away!
In freedom's land we'll take our stand,
A loyal band for freedom—away! away!
To live and die for freedom—away! away!
To live and die for freedom.

We haste to freedom's bright dominions,
Where the soul may spread its pinions:
March away! March away! March away to freedom!
Our feet the hills of truth are treading,
Fields of light before us spreading:
March away! March away! March away to freedom!

Chorus: Then let us march for freedom, &c.

[No. 17.]

Sweet Summer-Land.

[TUNE: "*Maryland, My Maryland.*"]

Oh, home of love! we sing of thee,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land,
In joyous tones of melody,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.
Thy skies are clear, thy fields are fair,
And flowers perfume the balmy air,
And all is bright and radiant there,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.

Oh! we would touch thy radiant shores,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land,
And find thy bright and glowing bowers,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.
We'd sail across thy silver seas,
We'd hear thy streams and murmuring trees,
We'd feel thy gentle, fragrant breeze,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.

We know thy homes are bright and fair,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land,
We know our loved ones gather there,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.
And troops of children dance and play,
And weave bright flowers in garlands gay,
And gain fresh beauty day by day,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.

Oh! let the voices that we love,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land,

Speak from the radiant home above,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.
Oh! let us feel the glory there
Encompass us like summer air,
And keep us from all sin and fear,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.

With chain of love entwine us now,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land,
And bind thy peace upon our brow,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.
Then 'mid the din of earthly care,
Then in temptation's dreary snare,
We'll feel thy calm and soothing air,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.

Thy flowers shall strew our earthly way,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land,
Bright eyes shall make our night as day,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.
We'll tread with courage then, and faith;
For every rugged way earth hath
May be to thy bright shore a path,
Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land.

[No. 18.]

Dew-Drops.

See the shining dew-drops,
On the flowers strewed,
Proving as they sparkle,
"God is ever good."

See the morning sunbeams
  Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
  "God is ever good."

Hear the mountain streamlet
  In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
  "God is ever good."

In the leafy tree-tops,
  Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
  "God is ever good."

Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
  Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters,
  "God is ever good."

[No. 19.]

When the Day with Rosy Light.

When the day with rosy light,
  In the morning glad appears,
And the dusky shades of night
  Melt away in dewy tears;
Up the sunny hills I roam,
  To bid good-morrow to the flowers,
And waken in their highland homes,
  The minstrels of the bowers.
    La, la, &c.

O 'tis sweet at early day,
To climb the mountain's rocky steep,
And hear the birds, 'mid blossoms gay,
Waking from their happy sleep.
Noon may have its sunny glare,
Eve its twilight and its dew,
Night its soft and cooling air—
But give me the morning blue.

[No. 20.]

I Know Thou art Gone.

I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad.
I never look up with a wish to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there,
And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

In thy far-away home, wherever it be,
I know thou hast visions of mine;
For my heart hath revealings of thine and of thee
In many a token and sign.
In the hush of the night, on the waves of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still.

[No. 21.]

Loving One Another.

[TUNE: "*Oh! Let us be Joyful!*"]

We hail this happy new-born day—
  It brings us light and joy,
And opens up a brighter way,
  That time cannot destroy.
We bid farewell to dismal creeds
  With rapturous delight,
And follow Truth where'er it leads:
  For Truth will lead us right.

Chorus: Then let us be joyful, joyful, joyful,
    Then let us be joyful;
  For Truth will make us free—
    Free to do our Father's will,
  And trust his guardian care,
    And all the laws of life fulfill,
  And all its blessings share.

We love to meet from week to week,
  And share each other's love;
Our Groups of twelve times twelve will seek
  To be like those above;
Though in our rudimental state,
  We daily live to learn,
To emulate the good and great,
  And all that's evil spurn.

Chorus: Then let us be joyful, &c.

With banners waving in the air,
  Our hearts are bounding free;

Each other's smiles and joys we share,
As all can feel and see.
We live for truth, for light, and love,
All loving one another
We reach the spheres of those above
By deeds that aid each other.
Chorus: Then let us be joyful, &c.

[No. 22.]

Home, Sweet Home.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that come at my call;
Give me them, with sweet peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home! &c.

[No. 23.]

A Will and a Way.

[TUNE : "*Do Good.*"]

Do good, do good—there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will;
Don't wait till to-morrow ; but do it to-day,
And to-day when the morrow comes, still.
If you've money, you're armed, and can find work enough
In every street, alley, and lane ;
If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters, though rough,
Will be sure to return it again.

Chorus: Then do good, do good ; there's ever a way,
A way where there's ever a will, a will:
Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
And to-day when to-morrow comes, still.

If you've only old clothes, an old bonnet or hat,
A kind word, or a smile soft and true,
In the name of a Brother, confer it, and that
Shall be counted as gold unto you.
God careth for all, and his glorious sun
Shines alike on the rich and the poor;
Be thou like him, and bless every one,
And thoul't be rewarded sure.

Chorus: Then do good, &c.

[No. 24.]

Lyceum Anniversary Song.

[Music for this song may be obtained of the Conductor of the Philadelphia Lyceum.]

All hail! this day we greet with pleasure,
Its praises joyfully we sing,
In music's sweet harmonious measure
We bring our grateful offering.
This evening we have met together
To celebrate our Lyceum's birth:
Then let us each and all endeavor
To praise its goodness, truth, and worth.

Chorus: Then hail! hail! hail! our Lyceum's natal day—
With joy we meet, its friends to greet,
and for its welfare pray.

With joyful hearts and cheerful faces,
With happiness and pleasure blest,
Serenely we will take our places,
Each bravely striving with the rest
To prove our motto's ever onward,
And that we've learned to know the truth
Progression's mount we'll climb together,
Though we are but within our youth.
Chorus Then hail! &c.

Our thanks, our grateful thanks are given
To those who formed the Lyceum's plan
For well and nobly have they striven
To benefit the race of man.

Their praise will oft be sung rejoicing,
By many a bright and happy band,
When we have each fulfilled our mission
And journeyed to the Summer-Land.
Chorus: Then hail! &c.

[No. 25.]

The Might with the Right.

May every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
And truth and love all hearts shall move,
To live in joy and peace.
Now Sorrow reigns, and Earth complains,
For Folly still her power maintains;
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
When the might with the right and the truth shall be;
And come what there may,
To stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
Oh! give not o'er until once more
The righteous cause prevail.
In vain, and long, enduring wrong,
The weak may strive against the strong;
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might, &c.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard—
To noble minds that duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard.
The brave and true may seem but few
But hope has better things in view;
And the day will yet appear,
When the might, &c.

[No. 26.]

Safe in the Summer-Land.

[TUNE: "*The Promised Land.*"]

Where now are the friends of Freedom?
Where now are the friends of Freedom?
Where now are the friends of Freedom?
Safe in the Summer-Land.
They went up from the fields of battle,
They went up from the fields of battle,
They went up from the fields of battle,
Safe to the Summer-Land.

Where are the babes of weeping mothers?
Where are the babes of weeping mothers?
Where are the babes of weeping mothers?
Safe in the Summer-Land.
They went up in the arms of angels,
They went up in the arms of angels,
They went up in the arms of angels,
Safe to the Summer-Land.

Where bloom the flowers of beauty?
Where bloom the flowers of beauty?
Where bloom the flowers of beauty?
Far in the Summer-Land.
They grow by the homes of angels,
They grow by the homes of angels,
They grow by the homes of angels,
Far in the Summer-Land.

Where now are the weary pilgrims?
Where now are the weary pilgrims?
Where now are the weary pilgrims?
Safe in the Summer-Land.
They went up on the shining river,
They went up on the shining river,
They went up on the shining river,
Safe to the Summer-Land.

Where now is the band of martyrs?
Where now is the band of martyrs?
Where now is the band of martyrs?
Safe in the Summer-Land.
They went up in a cloud of glory,
They went up in a cloud of glory,
They went up in a cloud of glory,
Safe to the Summer-Land.

Where now are the loving angels?
Where now are the loving angels?
Where now are the loving angels?
Safe in the Summer-Land.
They went up in an hour of stillness,
They went up in an hour of stillness,
They went up in an hour of stillness,
Safe to the Summer-Land.

[No. 27.]

The Sun is Bright.

[TUNE : "*Oh ! Carry me back to Old Virginny.*"]

The sun is bright, and its golden light
Is filling the world with power ;
The song-birds fly through the kindling sky,
And music floods the hour.
This gladsome life, when free from strife,
Shall fill our hearts with glee,
And falling showers on fields and flowers
Shall make us happy and free.

Chorus : Oh ! let us drink from Nature's fount,
Whence love and beauty flow ;
Oh let us walk in Wisdom's ways,
Where all the angels go.

There are golden beams in laughing streams,
And music in the trees ;
There are heavenly dyes, and love-lit eyes,
And whisperings in the breeze.
The beautiful songs of unseen throngs
O'erflow this world of ours,
And loving hands from angel-lands
Bedeck our paths with flowers.

Chorus : Oh ! let us drink, &c.

There is no death ! for the Father's breath
Filleth our hearts with youth ;
And a heavenly wave destroys the grave
For him who loveth truth.

The earth is singing, and time is winging
Each to another sea;
Then let us love the truths above
That make us happy and free.
Chorus: Oh! let us drink, &c.

[No. 28.]

The World is Waking.

[TUNE: "*Old Dan Tucker.*"]

A happy day for man is dawning—
Reason's light illumes the morning,
And a sleeping world is waking
To a glorious undertaking.

Chorus: Hurra, we leave the night of error,
Superstition and its terror,
Hurra, hurra, the day is breaking,
And the sleeping world is waking.

The voice of Freedom wakes the nation—
High and low, in every station,
From the valleys to the mountains,
From the ocean to its fountains.
Chorus: Hurra, &c.

Let us then be free from passion,
Free from vice and useless fashion,
Free from habits that enslave us,
Free from all that can deprave us.
Chorus: Hurra, &c.

Alcohol, the foe to reason,
Friend of riots, murder, treason,
Never here can hope for quarters,
With these noble sons and daughters.
Chorus: Hurra, &c.

Tobacco vile we do despise,
And we could never well devise
How men can smoke it, snuff, and chew it.
While no beast will ever do it.
Chorus: Hurra, &c.

Reason's glorious day is dawning—
High its sun illumes the morning:
Warms to life a new-born nation,
Giving life to every station.
Chorus: Hurra, &c.

[No. 29.]

The Glad Summer-Home.

[TUNE: "*My Old Kentucky Home.*"]

The sun shines bright in the spirit's happy home,
'Tis summer, and all is gay;
The soft air blows, and the flowers are all in bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The children sport on the soft and fragrant grass,
All merry, all happy and bright,

By-and-by, when our toils and our troubles all shall pass,
We will join that happy home of delight.

Chorus: Weep no more in sorrow, oh! weep no more in fear;
We will sing a song of the beautiful bright Home,
Of the glad Summer-Home that's so near.

There they toil no more in weariness and pain,
For folly, for pleasure, and pride:
Bnt in bright links Love weaves her golden chain,
As she tries with gentle hand to guide.
So the days go by like the sunshine on the heart,
With a happy and joyous tread;
The time never comes when the loved ones have to part,
Or sigh for the joys that are fled.

Chorus: Weep no more, &c.

Oh! ye blessed ones, o'er us tenderly still bend,
And lead us with gentle, firm hand;
A few more days and our labors here will end:
Then we'll join your bright and happy band.
A few more days—then make us strong and glad,
And give us your love and your light,
While we sing with you a merry, happy song,
Of the glad Summer-Home of delight.

Chorus: Weep no more, &c.

[No. 30.]

The Immortal Home.

[TUNE: "*Lilly Dale.*"]

In the twilight hours, 'mid the breath of flowers,
When the soul in silence dwells,
Sweet echoes come from that far-off Home,
Like the voice of evening bells.

Chorus: O Brother! O Sister! loved, joyous, free!
We will walk hand in hand to the Beautiful Land.
Till its golden shores we see.

There summer bright forever glows,
And love immortal beams;
There the waters flow in rippling song
From life's exhaustless streams.
Chorus: O Brother, &c.

There lilies bloom of purest white,
In hearts whom earth knew not;
There weary souls find rest and peace,
When sorrow's work is wrought.
Chorus: O Brother, &c.

From the golden shore, where our loved ones stand,
While they watch with eager eyes,
Sweet voices come, and they call us home—
To that home in the radiant skies.
Chorus: O Brother, &c.

O Children! sing, in joyous notes,
Of the blessed Angel-Land;
And let us walk in Love and Truth,
Till we join that happy band.
Chorus: O Brother, &c.

[No. 31.]

Drink from Nature's Fount.

[TUNE: "*Scots who ha' wi' Wallace bled.*"]

Children, here from bondage fled,
Come, oh come! see Reason spread
Many blessings on each head:
Drink from Nature's fount.
Make life's way a silver-chain,
Changing but to live again,
Journeying to a higher plane,
Up fair Progress Mount.

Liberty's high name we bless,
Loyal to her side we press,
Scorn the traitor's vile caress:
Drink from Nature's fount.
True to God and true to man,
Sect nor party, creed nor clan
Binds us in its narrow span;
Up fair Progress Mount.

[No. 32.]

Try, Try Again.

'Tis a lesson you should heed—
  Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
  Try, try again.
Then your courage should appear;
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear:
  Try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
  Try, try again;
If at last you would prevail,
  Try, try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
  Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
  Try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward—
  Try, try again:
All that other folks can do,
Why with patience may not you?
Only keep this rule in view:
  Try, try again.

[No. 33.]

Speak Gently to the Erring.

[This song is appropriate for a Silver-Chain Recitation.]

Think gently of the erring:
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came,
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring,
Oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet—
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God:
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring;
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear,
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring:
Thou yet mayest lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be—
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

[No. 34.]

Progression's Work.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Progression! O Progression!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Progression's name.

[No. 35.]

My Heavenly Home.

[TUNE: "*Newton.*"]

My heavenly home is bright and fair,
No pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine:
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Chorus: I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home, to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more—
I'm going home to die no more.

My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far amid the starry sky;
When from this earthly body free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

Chorus: I'm going home, &c.

Let others seek their all below,
Where flames devour and waves o'erflow;
This world's a dream—an empty show,
Compared with that to which I go.

Chorus: I'm going home, &c.

Then fail this earth ! let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine !
All matter sink and cease to be !
That heavenly mansion waits for me.
Chorus : I'm going home, &c.

[No. 36.]

Home of the Angels.

[TUNE : "*Star of the Evening.*"]

Beautiful Home of life and light,
Thy glory beams upon our sight ;
Thy anthems ring from dome to dome,
Home of the angels, beautiful Home.

Chorus : Beautiful Home, beautiful Home
Home of the angels, beautiful, beautiful Home.

Over thy radiant bending skies
The hues of morning float and rise ;
Gently as breathes the voice of prayer
Songs of the sinless fill the air.
Chorus : Beautiful Home, &c.

Beautiful Home of love divine,
Our deepest hearts around thee twine ;
Unto thy summer bowers we come,
Home of the angels, beautiful Home.
Chorus : Beautiful Home, &c.

[No. 37.]

The Band of Liberty.

[TUNE: "*America.*"]

Our Lyceum, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Band of Liberty,
Of thee we sing;
Band where our songs resound,
Band where no creeds are found,
But deeds of love abound,
And pleasures bring.

God bless our little band!
Firm may we ever stand—
Stand for the right!
May all we say and do,
May all our teachings show
Our sympathy for woe,
Our search for light!

Let us our voices raise
To God in songs of praise—
The God of truth!
May our young hearts be meek,
May we for wisdom seek,
When we together meet,
Now in our youth.

Unfurl our banners all,
And to the angels' call
Gladly we come.

Let us our voices raise
In songs of joyful praise,
For heaven's immortal days,
And purer home.

[No. 38.]

They are not Gone.

[TUNE: "*Long, Long Ago.*"]

Weep not for those who have passed from thy sight—
They are not gone, are not gone;
Round thee they hover on pinions of light;
They are not gone, are not gone.
Fondly they watch thee as guardians of love,
Seeking to guide thee where'er thou may'st rove,
Striving to lead thee to bright courts above;
They are not gone, are not gone.

Knowest thou not, in the stillness of night,
They are not gone, are not gone?
Seest thou not in the visions of light,
They are not gone, are not gone?
Feelest thou not their bright presence in dreams,
Casting about thee their radiant beams—
Light which around them unceasingly gleams?
They are not gone, are not gone.

Journey serene, then, till earth-life is o'er,
They are not gone, are not gone;
Then they will guide thee to heaven's bright shore—
They are not gone, are not gone.
Then they will circle thy spirit in light,
Robing it fair for its heavenward flight
To the blest mansions, glorious, bright,
They are not gone, are not gone.

[No 39.]

The Flag of our Union.

A song for our banner! the watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station;
"United we stand—divided we fall":
It made and preserves us a nation!

Chorus: The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of states none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our union forever.

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with republican thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined
Have the power to conquer or sunder!

Chorus: The union of lakes, &c.

[No. 40.]

The Angels are Hovering Near.

[*Music by* Mrs. Parkhurst.]

When the glow of the sunset is fused in the sky,
And the creep of the twilight at evening is nigh,
When the eyelids of darkness are wet with the dew,
And the stars are ablaze in the dome of the blue,
The angels are hovering near.

When the clouds of misfortune are dark in the sky,
And the waves of the ocean are tossing thee high;
When the wounds of the spirit in loneliness smart,
And its love unreturned giveth pain to the heart,
The angels are hovering near.

When the poor and the needy are fed from thy store,
And the string of the latchet hangs out of thy door,
When a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord,
To the faint and the thirsty thy love doth accord,
The angels are hovering near.

When the prospects before thee are dark and forlorn,
And thy life is a desert, and piercing the thorn;
When the friends that once loved thee in coldness disown,
And the heart is forsaken, unknown, and alone,
The angels are hovering near.

When the years of thy pilgrimage waste in decay,
And the dance of the shadows is passing away;
When the soul is exulting her pinions to try,
And is stretching her wings for a home in the sky,
The angels are hovering near.

[No. 41.]

We Love the Father.

[This little Song was chanted by a happy Group of Children from the Summer-Land, and the lady medium who heard the sweet symphony was enabled to record both the words and the music. The music can be obtained of the New York Lyceum.]

We love the Father—He's so good;
We see him in the flower:
We hear him in the rain-drop—
He speaketh in the shower.

His smile is in the sunlight,
His beauty's in the bow,
We hear His whisper in the breeze,
And in the zephyr low;

His wisdom's in the dew-drop
That sparkles on the lea—
His truth is in the violet's hue,
His love's in all we see.

In everything we look upon,
His image we can see;
We love the Father—He's so good,
And teaches us to be.

[No. 42.]

Love and Good Will.

Have a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy, applause—an excuse for the bad;
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged, and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee:
Have a covering to spare if he naked should be.

Have hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And oh! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.

[No. 43.]

Catch the Sunshine.

Catch the sunshine! though it flickers
Through a dark and dismal cloud,
Though it falls so faint and feeble
On a heart with sorrow bowed;
Catch it quickly! it is passing—
Passing rapidly away;
It has only come to tell you
There is yet a brighter day.

Catch the sunshine! though life's tempest
May unfurl its chilling blast;
Catch the little hopeful stranger—
Storms will not forever last.
Don't give up and say "forsaken;"
Don't begin to say, "I'm sad!"
Look! there comes a gleam of sunshine—
Catch it!—oh! it seems so glad!

Catch the sunshine! don't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there;
Life's a sea of stormy billows—
We must meet them everywhere.
Pass right through them—do not tarry:
Overcome the heaving tide;
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side.

Catch the sunshine! catch it gladly—
Messenger in Hope's employ,

Sent through clouds, through storms and billows,
Bringing you a cup of joy.
Don't be sighing, don't be weeping:
Life, you know, is but a span;
There's no time to sigh or sorrow—
Catch the sunshine when you can.

[No. 44.]

God Speed the Right.

Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
God speed the right!
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right!
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
God speed the right!

Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, they fail with glory,
God speed the right!

Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains nor toils nor trials heeding,
And in Heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!

[No. 45.]

O Water, Pure Water.

[TUNE: "*Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.*"]

O water, pure water, how brightly it flows,
An emblem of virtue wherever it goes!
The cot and the hamlet, they too are supplied
With the bright sparkling water that runs by their side.

O water, pure water, thy praises we'll sing,
And tell of the beauties and comforts you bring;
That home where was misery, thou'st banished its gloom,
And saved the fond father from the drunkard's sad doom.

O water, pure water, thou bright crystal stream,
Flow on in thy channel—thy virtues are seen;
While thousands are praising thy fountain of life,
And echo thy goodness from morning till night.

O water, thou emblem of peace to the mind,
Thou'st caused those to see, who by habit were blind;
Then wend thy way onward—we'll conquer the world,
With the banner of temperance forever unfurled.

[No. 46.]

The Beautiful Land.

[FROM THE GOLDEN CHAIN.]

A beautiful land of joy I see—
A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The home of the spirit, bright and fair,
And loving hearts are beating there.

Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me?
Will you go? Will you go?
Go to that beautiful land?

That beautiful land, the land of Light,
Has never known the shades of night;
The sunbright glow of endless day
Hath driven the darkness far away.
Will you go? Will you go? &c.

In vision I see the shining shore,
The flowers that bloom for evermore;
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.
Will you go? Will you go? &c.

The heavenly throng, arrayed in white,
In rapture range the plains of light;
In one harmonious choir they raise
To Nature's God a song of praise.
Will you go? Will you go? &c.

[No. 47.]

Excursion Song.

[TUNE: "*Oh Come, Maidens, Come.*"]

[Alladillo is a contraction of "Alladillerio," the name of a stream of great beauty in the Summer-Land, meaning "The River of Truth."]

Oh come, children come, o'er the blue rolling wave,
With lute and with song, and the heart of the brave.
Alladillo, Alladillo, Alladillo,
Dillo, dillo, dillo.
With sunlight and heart-light we'll bound o'er the billow,
Bright billow, gay billow—
The billow, billow, billow, billow,
With sunlight and heart-light we'll bound o'er the billow.

Wake the chorus of song, and our oars shall keep time
While our hearts gently beat to the musical chime.
Alladillo, Alladillo, Alladillo,
Dillo, dillo, dillo.
With sunlight, &c.

The skies are aglow and the waters are fair,
A light like the smile of the Summer is there.
Alladillo, Alladillo, Alladillo,
Dillo, dillo, dillo.
With sunlight, &c.

Oh! thus may we glide to the home of the soul,
Where the River of Truth will eternally roll.
Alladillo, Alladillo, Alladillo.
Dillo, dillo, dillo.
With sunlight, &c.

[No. 48.]

Departed Days.

Sweet voices from the Spirit Land I hear,
Now breathing pure and holy lays,
With heavenly tones awaking mem'ries dear,
Of loved and long departed days.

Chorus: They come, beloved ones, from the distant shore
Where joy illumes with golden rays,
And softly in each sorrowing heart they pour
Sweet memories of departed days.

When twilight's shadows vail the quiet earth,
And early stars bedeck the sky,
When friends are gathered round the homestead hearth,
And cares of day are passing by,
Chorus: They come, &c

When far from those most dear awhile we part,
In stranger lands to find a home,
When long and weary days oppress the heart,
And in the throng we walk alone,
Chorus: They come, &c.

[No. 49.]

Battle-Hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored:
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His
terrible swift sword—
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps—
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read the righteous sentence by the dim and glaring lamps—
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born
across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures
you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to
make men free,
While God is marching on.

[No. 50.]

Lend a Hand to One Another.

"Lend a hand to one another!"
In the daily toil of life,
When we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.
There is none so rich but may,
In his turn, be forced to borrow,
And the poor man's lot to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

"Lend a hand to one another!"
When malicious tongues have thrown
Dark suspicion on your brother,
Be not prompt to cast a stone.
There is none so good but may
Run adrift on shame and sorrow,
And the best man of to-day
May become the worst to-morrow.

"Lend a hand to one another!"
In the race for honor's crown;

Should it fall upon your brother,
Let not envy tear it down.
Lend a hand to *all*, we pray,
In their sunshine and their sorrow,
And the prize we've lost to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

[No. 51.]

Be Useful in Many a Way.

[TUNE: "*Do Good, Do Good.*"]

Do good! do good! we are never too young
To be useful in many a way;
For all have a heart, and a hand, and a tongue,
To feel, and to labor, and pray.
Let us think, when crowds of poor children we meet,
All thronging their pathways of gloom,
That in every damp alley, in every dark street,
There's a passage that leads to the tomb.
Chorus: "Then do good," &c.

What joy, what joy will the least of us know,
When called to our Father's abode,
To find that beside us in glory there stands
Some whom we first placed on the road!
Then seek in the highways and byways of earth,
And bring in the lowly to feast:
Remember, in heaven the greatest may be
The one who on earth was the least.
Chorus: "Then do good," &c.

[No. 52.]

There is no Death.

There is no death ! the stars go down,
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright, in Heaven's jewel'd crown,
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

"The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear ,
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall—
The flowers may fade, birds cease to sing ;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the spring.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fair and sweetest flowers ;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,

Sings now in everlasting songs
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to the world of light,
To bloom in Paradise.

Born now in that undying life,
They leave us but to come again:
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

[No. 53.]

Aspiration.

Our aims are all too high; we try
To gain the summit at a bound,
When we should reach it step by step,
And climb the ladder round by round.
He who would climb the height sublime,
Or breathe the purer air of life,
Must not expect to rise in ease,
But brace himself for toil or strife.

We should not in our blindness seek
To grasp alone the grand and great,
Disdaining every smaller good;
For trifles make the aggregate.

And if a cloud should hover o'er
  Our weary pathway like a pall,
Remember God permits it there,
  And his good purpose reigns o'er all.

Life should be full of earnest work,
  Our hearts undashed by Fortune's frown;
Let Perseverance conquer fate,
  And Merit seize the victor's crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
  The race not always to the fleet;
And he who seeks to pluck the stars,
  Will lose the jewels at his feet.

[No. 54.]

The Angels Told Me So.

[This song was written by Mr. Dyer, from the following narrative: A beautiful incident occurred in a family near the city of New York a short time since. A son, some eight or nine years of age, laid very ill, and had been so for some days, when a little brother, some six or seven years old, came into the house, and said to his mother, "Alle (the sick brother) is going away where we can't see him. He is going to heaven. Two little angels came and told me he was going, but he would come back and see me after he went away." In a day or two Alle's spirit took its departure. His little brother supposed he had departed bodily. Previous to the funeral, the father took the child into the room to see the body, and explain to him his mis-

take. Entering the room, he exclaimed, "Oh, there's Alle: the little angels told me he would come back and see me." For chorus repeat the last line of each verse. Music by Horace Waters.]

Though they may lay beneath the ground
The form of Alle dear,
I know his spirit hovers round,
And mingles with us here.
His home may be in heaven above,
Yet oft to us below
He will return to breathe his love—
The angels told me so.

His form reposed upon the bier,
In sweet, cherubic rest,
When others came to shed a tear,
And ease his aching breast.
But Willie felt no throbbing pain,
As he repeats, "I know
Dear Alle will come back again—
The angels told me so."

And as he gazed his eyes grew bright,
And joy o'erspread his brow,
While he exclaims, in rapt delight,
"Oh, there is Alle now!
I knew he would return to see
Those he so loved below,
And be a brother still to me—
The angels told me so."

[No. 55.]

Song of a Guardian Spirit.

Near thee, still near thee! o'er thy pathway gliding,
Unseen I pass thee with the wind's low sigh;
Life's vail infolds thee still, our eyes dividing,
Yet viewless love floats round thee silently.
Not 'midst the festal throng,
In halls of mirth and song,
But when thy thoughts are deepest,
When holy tears thou weepest,
Know then *that* love is nigh.

When the night's whisper o'er thy harp-strings creeping,
Or the sea music on the sounding shore,
Or breezy anthems through the forest sweeping
Shall move thy trembling spirit to adore—
When every thought and prayer
We loved to breathe and share,
On thy full heart returning
Shall wake its voiceless yearning,
Then feel me near once more.

Near thee, still near thee! trust thy soul's deep dreaming!
Oh, love is not an earthly rose to die!
Even when I soar where fiery stars are beaming
Thine image wanders with me through the sky.

The fields of air are free,
Yet lonely wanting thee;
But when thy chains are falling,
When Heaven its own is calling,
Know then thy guide is nigh.

[No. 56.]

The World is what we Make it.

Oh, call not this a vale of tears,
A world of gloom and sorrow;
One-half the grief that o'er us comes
From self we often borrow.
The earth is beautiful and good—
How long will man mistake it?
The folly is within ourselves:
The world is what we make it.

Did we but strive to make the best
Of troubles that befall us,
Instead of meeting cares half way,
They would not so appall us.
Earth hath a spell for loving hearts;
Why should we seek to break it?
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns:
The world is what we make it.

If truth and love and gentle words
We took the pains to nourish,
The seeds of discontent would die,
And peace and concord flourish.

Oh, has not each some kindly thought?
Then let's at once awake it;
Believing that, for good or ill,
The world is what we make it.

[No. 57.]

The Moral Warfare.

When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood,
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given,
The light, and truth, and love of heaven!

Library Rules

FOR

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

1. Leaders of juvenile Groups will kindly assist their members in the selection of pictorial and other books for the ensuing week. Members of advanced Groups can indicate their preferences by examining the Catalogue.

2. In all cases designate what books are wanted by the numbers at the left hand of the titles.

3. Leaders will be prepared to select books during the *Recess*, which occurs immediately after the Lessons are issued to members for the next Sunday's Conversation.

4. Each Leader, after obtaining the books, will report to the Librarian, who will immediately record the *number* of each volume, and also charge the *whole* number to the Group which is represented by the Leader.

5. After the Librarian has entered the number of a book upon his Record, it cannot be exchanged for another book until the next Sunday.

6. Each Leader will keep a private record of the number of the book which is issued to each member. This private record should be compared with the Librarian's account when the books are returned to the Library on the following Sunday.

7. Members of all Groups are admonished not to injure books intrusted to their care during the week. (Members are responsible for books in their possession; they may be required to pay for injuries and losses.) If any volume is not returned, the Leader should seek an explanation, as no other books can be issued to members who do not promptly cancel their obligations to the Library

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